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DESPITE Democratic apologetics the honors of the Maine election clearly belong to the Republicans. If the way in which the voters have realigned themselves in Maine is any indication of their realignment throughout the country, Mr. Hughes will be the next President of the United States. It can, of course, be argued with a great deal of force that the realignment in Maine is not representative. Mr. Wilson may prove to be on election day surprisingly strong in many of the former Republican strongholds in the Ohio and Mississippi Valleys. The victory of the Republicans in Maine is not decisive enough to do more than establish a slight presumption in their favor. But it does make an overwhelming victory for Wilson improbable, and it ensures an extremely close and doubtful contest. In Maine, at least, the Progressives have returned to the Republican ranks. A large fraction of the voters are tired of adventures and are allowing their choice to be decided by habit, association and prejudice. In order to be elected Mr. Wilson needs to arouse a positive conviction in his favor among many voters who did not support him in 1912. Presumably from the Maine election he has not succeeded with the people of New England and perhaps of the Middle States, and his failure is at least partly due to the predominantly partisan complexion of his administration. As a consequence of consolidating the Democratic party he did what he could do to restore and consolidate Republicanism. He may still pull out owing to the greater measure of popularity which he probably enjoys in the Middle West, but it will be an up-hill fight with a dubious issue.

WHEN the history of the conversion of the American male electorate into acquiescence in votes for women comes to be written, one of the most interesting chapters in the whole volume will be the account of President Wilson's progress from somewhat equivocal opposition to a similarly equivocal advocacy. Previous to his election to the Presidency and for some time thereafter he was not willing to trust women with the vote, although he was too prudent publicly to announce his opinions. Later when pressed for a frank statement he sheltered himself behind his party, and refused to use his influence in favor of suffrage, because his party had not instructed him what to say and to do. Later still when the submission of a suffrage amendment in New Jersey compelled him to announce a personal preference, he elected to vote for the enfranchisement of women, but in doing so he was still careful to dissociate his preference from any party meaning or any special responsibility for urging others to follow his example. Recently his party declared for woman suffrage in so far as it could be obtained by amending state constitutions, and Mr. Wilson is known to share this attitude. It is the inevitable attitude of a party politician in approaching suffrage, because it squares his record without committing him or his associates to any responsibility for promoting their ostensible opinions. Yet although he is known to be opposed to a federal suffrage amendment, he was still careful in his speech at Atlantic City not to make an offensive

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parade of his convictions. All he did was to express "impatience" with the lively current discussion of the method whereby suffrage was to be achieved. He has reached, consequently, the stage of not overtly opposing a federal amendment, at least during a campaign against an opponent who frankly favors it. Probably he will not progress further than this during the present campaign, but suffragists may well be encouraged to believe that the firm yet discreet exercise of a little more pressure will finally open the President's mind to the advantages of securing suffrage by means of a federal amendment.

IN spite of Mr. Wilson's impatience at the discussion of methods, the recent convention of the National Suffrage Association at Atlantic City was occupied almost exclusively with the consideration of methods. The women knew from actual experience how important the question of method was. The selection of the most effective route to suffrage is the great problem of suffrage agitators. They have decided for the present not to change the prevailing policy. They will continue to agitate for the federal amendment, but without ceasing their efforts to persuade state electorates to grant votes to women. In so doing they showed their usual good sense. For the present the two methods are supplementary and necessary one to the other. But after they carry a few more states the campaign first for the submission and then for the adoption of a federal amendment will become the line of least resistance and will deserve the greater share of attention. The agitation will by that time have established itself near the center of the national political arena and will depend for its success upon the skilful manipulation of national political instruments such as the major parties. When that time comes the National Association will either have to drop its present practice of partisan neutrality or else become a special organization devoted exclusively to aiding suffragists in the various states to carry local amendments. Any organization occupied chiefly in promoting the federal amendment must be prepared to force the Democrats and Republicans to bid against one another for women's votes; and this they cannot do effectively until they are willing to charge up against the less accommodating party the failure to support the amendment. The problem of suffrage propaganda will become that of using women's votes most skilfully in the interest of votes for more women. The politicians must be taught that the one perfect way of getting woman suffrage out of party politics is to make women the political equals of men before the law.

THE way in which the idea of an "executive budget" is regarded by Democratic leaders in the House is frankly revealed by Representative Fitzgerald, the chairman of the Appropriation Committee. He condemns the "whole proposition" as "preposterous and intolerable," and in using these words he is undoubtedly echoing the prevailing opinion among the older congressmen of both parties. The existing method of preparing the budget, because it enables district representatives to log-roll for local and special appropriations, constitutes the very citadel of the flourishing system of congressional "pork." The system is so strongly intrenched and is so essential to the welfare of the bi-partisan congressional machine that it will take a political revolution to bring it to an end. Although the Republican platform pledges that party to the adoption of an executive budget, any one who is aware of the real strength of the opposition among the elder statesmen in Washington must be profoundly sceptical of the outcome. Mr. Hughes believes firmly in an executive budget and would, if elected, put up a strong fight in its favor; but by so doing he would so alienate Congress that the success of his administration in other respects might be compromised.

RECENT information from Washington confirms the first impression made by the threats of retaliation, which were incorporated in the revenue bill at the last moment and practically without discussion. The action was taken partly from motives of partisan political advantage and partly with the usual congressional preference for passing difficult and embarrassing decisions on to the President, but the really decisive reason was entirely defensible. Congress was adjourning and could not reassemble for several months. The State Department asked for the power for use in a possible emergency, and Congress could not well refuse the request. This explanation which is accepted in Washington places the responsibility squarely on the State Department. Yet it would be a mistake to suppose that Secretary Lansing made the request on his own initiative. He has been goaded into belligerency by the accumulating pressure from miscellaneous business interests. Complaints about the baleful effect of the blacklist and the mail censorship have been overwhelming the Department. The British have been applying their restrictive policy with extreme rigor, and have aroused an increasing volume of resentment and exasperation. Secretary Lansing came to the conclusion that the encroachments must be stopped, and that he could not make the British listen unless he was in a position to threaten reprisals.

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NOW that Secretary Lansing has secured his weapon, he is confronted by the extremely difficult task of using it both tactfully and effectively. He has, we believe, no present intention of departing from the benevolent neutrality which has hitherto characterized American policy towards the Allies. He has no disposition to enter into a commercial war with Great Britain or to do anything which will seriously embarrass that Power in its blockade of Germany. But something must be done to diminish the grievances of American business men and if Great Britain refuses to make any concessions the situation may become serious, precisely because the weapon placed in the Secretary's hands is so powerful. As we understand it, the State Department is not looking for a formal declaration of a new British maritime policy, but it will seek, and confidently expects, to obtain a less burdensome and exasperating administration of many aspects of the British blockade. Should the British consent, the pressure on the American State Department will moderate and the weapon handed to the President by Congress can be allowed to rust in its scabbard. But if the British do not consent, what then? We trust this contingency will be fully considered before any specific demands are made, backed by overt or covert threats. The British are not in an accommodating state of mind, and they may count upon the extreme reluctance of the President and American public opinion to seriously embarrass them in the conduct of the war. In that event it would be unwise for the State Department to assume any position which it could not maintain without commercial warfare or abandon without humiliation. It should always leave one means of escape open—a reference of the immediate difficulty to an arbitral tribunal.

What Norman Angell Did

MR. WILSON'S speech of acceptance contained one sentence which overshadows anything that has been said or will be said during the campaign. In the years to come that sentence will surely gather a significance which has been ignored in the heat and haste and distraction of the moment. The statement that " no nation can any longer remain neutral as against any wilful disturbance of the peace of the world " is a doctrine the importance of which it is hardly possible to exaggerate. The fact that it is uttered now by the President of the most powerful neutral, by the President of a nation which has practised and preached international laissez-faire, is a reversal of such importance and with such endless consequences that it would absorb our attention if we had a just perspective on our own future. Whether the tariff should be moved up, down or sideways, whether it was wise or unwise to go to Vera Cruz, whether the eight-hour bill is right or wrong are questions that will soon be forgotten, but the principle that neutrality is obsolete is the basis of organized peace in the world.

The idea was born simultaneously in many minds in different nations. It is imbedded in Mr. Asquith's declaration that Britain is fighting for the public law of Europe. It is the residue of truth in Mr. Roosevelt's agitation about Belgium. It is the idea behind the large movement for a League to Enforce Peace which has the general approval of Viscount Grey, M. Briand and, it is said, of certain members of the German Foreign Office. The President's utterance was made not into a vacuum, but as a contribution to an international cause.

The particular words used by Mr. Wilson are worth noting. He speaks of neutrality as no longer possible. This attack on neutrality originated with a man who should have the credit for it. It originated with Mr. Norman Angell, and the words used by the President are Mr. Angell's own words.

Mr. Angell spent last winter in the United States lecturing and writing. In the weeks preceding the last crisis with Germany over the Sussex, he formulated the doctrine that neutrality was obsolete. It emerged after hours of discussion on the basis of memoranda which were recast many times. The results reached the President, not only directly, but through his confidential advisers, and there can be no doubt that the most important sentence in Mr. Wilson's speech was written by Mr. Norman Angell.

The whole episode is interesting for its own sake. It is necessary to emphasize it in view of the report that the British government intends to deny Mr. Angell a passport and prevent him from returning to the United States. Leaving aside every consideration but the success of the British cause, it is a great blunder to keep Mr. Angell from the United States. He served his country and ours beyond all Englishmen who have come to us since the war began. Most of the semi-official visitors have hurt more than they have helped by their insensibility to America and their moral pretentiousness. But Mr. Angell quickly and effectively did an incalculable amount to convince leaders of American liberalism of their international responsibilities. He drew us closer to that England with which alone an Anglo-American understanding is possible.

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"The Reign of Reason"

DURING the past fortnight the political campaign has assumed a new phase. Mr. Hughes has uncovered the fighting issue, more immediate than that of Mexico, more stirring than that of administrative efficiency, on which he is asking a verdict in his favor or that of Mr. Wilson. The refusal of the Railroad Brotherhoods to arbitrate the eight-hour day, the refusal of the President to insist on arbitration, and the passage by Congress of the eight-hour law in order to avert the strike have disgusted the Republican candidate and aroused him to a vigorous and courageous protest. In Mr. Hughes's opinion the President's behavior and that of Congress have compromised principles and values essential to the perpetuity of the American nation. They have ignored and flouted the reign of reason in the settlement of industrial controversies. "We have a new spirit abroad in these recent days in America. It is the spirit which demands legislation in advance of investigation. It is the spirit of force. It is not American." Such are the terms in which Mr. Hughes states the issue. It is a challenge which no one who has supported the President in his handling of the crisis can afford to ignore. It is a challenge which every one, who hopes eventually for some approach to a rule of reason in the treatment of social grievances and in the settlement of industrial conflicts, should welcome cordially and answer with candor and good faith.

What, then, does Mr. Hughes mean when he accuses the President of allowing the rule of force to be substituted for the rule of reason in the settlement of domestic controversies? He means that the President and Congress had no business to intervene in an industrial dispute except on behalf of an essentially just settlement, and that the one sufficient means of reaching such a settlement was the submission of the controversy to an exhaustive and impartial investigation. The perfectly reasonable solution existed and had only to be discovered by inquiry. It is not difficult to divine the source of these assumptions. Mr. Hughes approaches the situation from the standpoint of a judge, who is administering a body of law, presumably just and at all events binding upon all parties to a controversy, and who in order to hand down a reasonable decision needs only to ascertain all the facts by granting to both sides a full hearing. A board of arbitrators sitting in judgment on an industrial controversy would possess the same equipment for administering justice as does the Supreme Court. Society, so Mr. Hughes must assume, has achieved a fund of reasonable social principles which when applied to a full array of facts, concerning any particular controversy, give birth necessarily to just judgments. The verdict of such a board would come as near to being reasonable as human imperfections permit.

As a matter of fact, however, the situation of Congress was not that of a judge administering a body of law, binding on both litigants and acceptable to both of them, which needed only a complete reënforcement of facts in order to give birth to a just and reasonable verdict. Neither would a board of arbitrators, established to settle the controversy, have found itself in a comparable situation. There is no body of social principles binding upon both parties to the dispute and accepted by them, which either Congress or an arbitration board could have evoked from the vasty depths of American social irresponsibility. There was no existing fund of social reason, upon which the national representatives could depend for guidance in the settlement of this industrial dispute. A board of arbitrators in rendering a verdict would have been obliged, as Congress was, to legislate—that is to establish and declare the rule upon which a verdict was to be based, and no amount of investigation into the facts would have helped the board to decide what rule they should select. Assuming even a substantial agreement upon the economic results of an eight-hour day upon wages and railroad expenditures, the upright judge in such a controversy would still have to decide on other grounds whether the eight-hour day was worth what it would cost, and his decision would depend upon the importance attached by him in any hierarchy of social values to the establishment of minimum standards of labor. The solution of this particular controversy did not hinge upon the result of a hearing or an inquiry. It depended upon whether or not the judge shared the belief of the Brotherhoods in favor of the eight-hour day as a desirable minimum of industrial labor, or whether it shared the opinion of the railroad presidents that no social presumption existed in favor of a shortening of the day's work to a minimum of eight hours. Any board of arbitrators, even after the most elaborate investigation, would have been obliged to do as Congress did—that is, to indicate a preference. Its arbitrament would have been an act of discriminate legislation, which attached a greater or a smaller value to the eight-hour day.

No doubt the demand for an eight-hour day was being used as an excuse for an increase in pay, but this fact, although an important one to be considered in the application of the eight-hour rule, does not affect the question raised by Mr. Hughes as to the proper method of social legislation. He ignored one essential consideration. Inasmuch as no authentic code of social principles applicable to

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this industrial dispute exists, no inquiry into the facts will bring it into existence. The rules necessary to the reasonable adjustment of these bitter and ominous controversies have still to be created; and until they are created, they have to be improvised in order to meet pressing emergencies. That is what the President and Congress did in passing the Adamson bill. They improvised a solution. An arbitration board in deciding on the controversy would either have improvised a principle, as Congress did, or else, as is more probable, have merely compromised and kept alive the rule not of reason but of thumb. The principle adopted by Congress may or may not have been wise; but the method whereby it was adopted is not open to the reproach of being in itself unjust.

The refusal to adopt plans of social legislation until their wisdom is established by antecedent investigation would render social legislation almost impossible. Social legislation must be in part experimental, although, of course, experiments should be confined to plans with a certain amount of presumption in their favor. But our fund of fruitful social knowledge is so meagre that the precise effects of the application of a new rule cannot be predicted in advance. While there must be an investigation, in many instances (and certainly in the instance now under consideration) an experimental trying out of the rule is the necessary first step in the process of investigation. The Supreme Court itself has admitted the desirability of justifying experimental social legislation by an investigation after the event. In the case of the eighty-cent gas law, it refused to decide whether the rate was or was not confiscatory, until after it had been tried. In the same way Congress has provided for a trial of the eight-hour rule as a part of an investigation. The trial will show what the effect will be, how much it will cost, and how the cost can be most easily distributed and whether or not the rule may not have to be modified in the interest of other American citizens, not members of the Brotherhoods, whose welfare depends upon railroad wages or service.

There remains a sinister aspect of the episode which has revolted many people not ordinarily hostile to the claims of union labor. Congress may or may not have been justified in declaring the rule of the eight-hour day, but it passed its legislation under coercion, with a pistol at its head. Such is the truth, and it is an ugly and ominous truth. Before declaring, however, that it spells the ruin of the American nation, it would be well to investigate precedents. A thorough and impartial inquiry would reveal one fact of preponderant importance. It has been the established policy of the American Republic to depend upon force for the settlement of labor controversies. Public opion officially expressed has said to the unions: "We are not interested in the justice of your demands. We do not propose to take sides either for you or against you. We are merely going to draw a ring around the arena in which you and your employers are fighting and take care that the rules governing these public exhibitions are observed. In the meantime, we ignore your claim that the prevailing rules place you at a disadvantage. Extort what you can from your employers by force, but in exerting force, you must not put me to any excessive inconvenience. If you do, we will pull Reason on you and show you up as grasping people, who are selfishly and violently trying to promote your own interests at the expense of the community." Thus it is the American nation itself which has established the rule of force rather than the rule of reason in the settlement of labor disputes. Now that the disputes are putting people to serious inconvenience and are becoming a grave threat to social order, the nation flounders around helplessly in the vacuum created by the poverty of its own social policies. It is obliged to intervene, yet when it intervenes it is the victim and not the master of those headstrong forces, to whose warfare it has left the solution of the social problem.

Every individual or group who participated in the recent crisis behaved strictly according to precedent. The unions made a demand for an improvement of their own terms of employment, which looked formidable, but one which they believed themselves able to extort. In making the demands they were considering only their own interests, as they have been encouraged to do. The management of the railroads made no attempt to distinguish what was fair in the union demands, but stood pat, called for arbitration in so far as they were weak and refused in so far as they were strong. The President and Congress had months of warning of the approaching crisis, but they did nothing about it until the crisis arrived. Then they were obliged to act inconsiderately and exclusively for the purpose of averting the impending disaster. No matter what they did their action would have had the appearance and the reality of being taken under coercion. Mr. Hughes stigmatizes the whole performance as un-American. On the contrary, it was characteristically and pitifully American; and not the least American part of it was Mr. Hughes's own contribution. Good Americans, like Mr. Hughes, have always believed in the complete efficacy of good intentions no matter how obdurate the material on which the good intentions were being exerted. They are willing to allow Unreason to prevail in social arrangements during generations and yet expect Reason to come to their

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assistance whenever the results become inconvenient. But social Reason is a plant of slow growth, which requires long and careful nurture. If Americans want it to pervade the settlement of industrial controversies, they must consciously create a new social code which will supply to the Rule of Reason a concrete living contents, and safeguard it from the accusation of being the latest war-cry of social negligence and irresponsibility.

The Broken Street-Car Agreement

OVER a month ago there was a street car strike in New York City. It was ended skilfully and an agreement drawn up which recognized the right of the men to unionize and the principle of arbitration to cover almost all other questions. It was underwritten by the Mayor and the Chairman of the Public Service in the name of the public. This was August 6th. Within two weeks management and men were again at odds chiefly over the reinstatement of men guilty of violence during the strike or charged with other offenses. There were threats of a walkout. The Mayor, who was at Plattsburg, returned to the city and in a few hours the matter was adjusted. The agreement of August 6th had survived its first test. Within another three weeks a strike broke out on all the traction lines, not only on the surface cars which were operating under the agreement of August 6th, but also on the subway and elevated systems which were not under it.

The subway and elevated systems are known as the Interborough. They are under the same management and are controlled by the same financial groups as the chief surface lines, known as the green cars. This then was the situation: though under the control of the same men as the green-car system, the Interborough had no agreement recognizing the right of the men to unionize. However, Mr. Hedley admitted that the principle ought to be uniform and in an interview with the union leaders said: "I am the manager for the Railways [green cars] and I am the Manager for the Interborough. I do not see how under God's heavens they [i. e. the directors] can give me one set of morals to live up to and orders to live up to on the Railways and another set for the Interborough."

This statement is of basic importance to an understanding of why the agreement of August 6th broke down. It explains why the green-car men struck and broke their agreement when the violation of the agreement occurred on the Interborough where technically no agreement existed. They acted on the assumption, which Mr. Hedley conceded, that the spirit of the protocol of August 6th should be applied to all the traction lines under Mr. Hedley's management.

What was the violation which aroused the union men? It was the creation of a private union on the Interborough and the signing of individual contracts to strengthen it. The management, seeing that some kind of organization was inevitable, helped to create a "union" not affiliated with the real one. It arranged an election and proceeded to deal with its "own" men. It was to be "within the family." It was successful. It is said that over eighty per cent of the men joined. They received a wage increase and were then given individual contracts to sign which enforced the wage scale for about two years.

These contracts and this private union made the labor leaders and the organized men on the surface cars see red. There is probably nothing that angers a real unionist more than individual contracts and an association organized under the patronage of the employer. They believe that unionism is impossible under such conditions, that real collective bargaining is impossible unless the employee is represented by outsiders who cannot be coerced or cajoled, who are not subject to the fear or favor of the management. Such a union, they say, whatever its form, is impotent, incapable of taking care of the men's interests, in its essence servile. When it is reinforced with individual contracts the last remnant of collective power evaporates, and the whole business is nothing but an antitoxin devised by the employer to prevent genuine unionism.

This position we believe to be thoroughly sound, and in our opinion labor is right to resist the individual contract and the private union. The fact that Messrs. Hedley and Shonts pursued this policy on the Interborough proves either that they did not understand the spirit of the agreement of August 6th, or that they set out deliberately to circumvent it. Had they accepted that agreement with entire good faith they would not have meddled, they would not have initiated organization among their men. They would have kept their hands off absolutely. To be sure, they had no written agreement on the Interborough, but on Mr. Hedley's own admission the principles agreed to August 6th should have applied. The violation was also technical. Though no individual contracts were circulated on the surface lines, they were printed and in all likelihood would have been circulated. The unionists, seeing the danger which had been created on the Interborough made common cause of it for all the traction lines. They demanded an arbitration as to whether the indi-

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vidual contracts ought to be annulled, and this arbitration was refused.

The justice of their claim is upheld by a ruling handed down by the Public Service Commission on September 12th. The commission says that the question of whether the contracts are a violation of the agreement should be arbitrated. Curiously enough the commission added the obiter dictum that "this controversy does not involve the issue of trade unionism in this city," a statement untrue on its face because if the contracts violate the spirit of the agreement of August 6th, they violate the agreement which recognized the right of the men to unionize.

With an excellent case, the unionists made a serious blunder in generalship which shows that like the management they did not understand or had no faith in the agreement of August 6th. They called a general traction strike and violated the agreement. Wiser and more experienced leaders might have called a strike on the Interborough, but on the green-car lines they would have clung to the agreement, would have demanded arbitration, and would have called upon the Mayor and Chairman of the Public Service Commission to help them sustain the agreement. They would have had a clear case, they could not have been charged with bad faith, they would have had public and official support, and they would have outmanoeuvered the companies. The plain truth is that they lost their heads in the excitement.

But there was a deeper responsibility than theirs or the company's. It rested upon Mayor Mitchel and Chairman Straus. They underwrote the agreement, and it was their business to watch it jealously and forestall incipient violations, to stamp on the suspicions which accumulated into explosive force. They did a typically American thing, they expressed their good intentions by signing their names, and then failed to provide any machinery for administering their responsibility. They too did not fully realize the meaning of the August 6th agreement. Had they realized it, they would have had expert representatives actually in touch with the situation every minute, and they would have intervened at the sound of danger.

That in our opinion is the outstanding lesson of the strike. It was an advance on August 6th to make the public a party to an industrial agreement. But it was not enough. The public is helpless if it remains a passive partner. It must create the administrative machinery for acting upon the responsibility it assumes. It must have independent, authentic, and constant access to the facts. It must have agents for acting on them. The city needs a Department of Labor in order to vitalize the public underwriting of industrial agreements.

Belasco

IF you make a popular success of your profession, as Mr. David Belasco has done in the theatre, it almost proves to certain idealistic souls that you are spiritually corrupt. To be entirely satisfactory to these tender consciences you must be a little beyond the pale. There is a distinction for them between principle and expediency, and expediency, as they see it, is probably unprincipled. They base their suspicion of you on the ground that you have made terms with the world as it is. You are a "practical man."

There is a sound distinction, obviously, between a statesman and a politician, one that goes far beyond the region of governmental affairs and that applies to any man who has a public to engage or consult. This distinction does not turn, however, on a man's practical aspiration to public favor. About statesmanship there is a general misconception derived in all likelihood from memorial sculpture and not in the least made real because it imposes itself on living occupants of the frock-coat. The memorialized statesman is a sedate, remote, detached, immobile figure. The contemporary statesman, as everyone admits, must be in the thick of human affairs. His consideration of details like the Grand Army veteran and the buttermilk vote may not be inscribed on his monument in the park, but it is invariably precise knowledge and pertinent. To expect a statesman to be like his monument, imprisoned on his own elevatedness, is sheer nonsense. No arrant politician pays keener regard to human ways and means. Where he differs from the politician is in the quality of his political or social or educational or artistic inspiration. He will "play politics," in the sense that he will look out for popular preferences and prejudices. The thing with which he will not play is the inspiration that sends him ahead. In the heat of a contest the politician and the statesman are both 100 per cent involved. The difference is that the politician feels free to sacrifice the intangible goods for the sake of securing the tangible while the statesman, equally intent on securing the tangible, takes defeat rather than arrive without his chance to give large inspiration scope. That inspiration cannot be entertained without reference to the public mood, be it "heroic mood" or what not. But where expert solicitation is the chief aim of the politician, with himself and his own fortunes in mind, the statesman is led to solicitation because he has something else and something deeper at heart.

It is the quality of Mr. Belasco's inspiration as to the theatre that is important. Is he a politician in theatrical management, or a statesman? What

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has he had at heart? His article on himself in the *Saturday Evening Post* for September 2nd, settles all possible doubts. It is a vision of a soul in its nakedness, an unsuspecting, self-satisfied, exceedingly vain, exceedingly empty soul. No machine-politician ever revealed a more expert consideration of the "inscrutable and arbitrary public." No machine-politician ever exhibited a spirit more subservient to "changing whim and taste." If the art of the theatre were the art of window-trimming, Mr. Belasco would be supreme in his interpretation. He has trimmed his pictures and his stories with superlative regard for public mood. But where that mood has failed the first inspiration of a Belasco author, or Mr. Belasco himself as author, or his actresses or actors, there has been "revision, blue-penciling or transposition," the utter shamelessness of which only a sincere artist can possibly guess.

"I have always endeavored to be first in the field with plays that are out of the stage's conventional groove, and that at the same time, appeal to the public's constantly changing taste." In saying this Mr. Belasco raises suspicions as to his own attitude which he promptly hastens to confirm. What he wants in the theatre is one thing: to appeal to the hearts of audiences. "People go to the play to have their emotions stirred." It sounds like an innocent generalization, but it is the first commandment in the decalogue of a theatrical "boss."

For it is as a boss Mr. Belasco describes himself. "If I have happened to find a play reasonably suited to the needs of a certain star, I have been obliged either to rewrite it or have it rewritten by the author." "Every detail of a play which I intend to produce I analyze and debate pro and con with the author." Consider an Ibsen under these circumstances, dealing with a manager whose idea of realism is this: "To get the right feeling for 'The Man Inside,' I engaged Chuck Connor, a Bowery denizen now dead, to take me on a slumming tour among Chinese opium joints, and I even went down near the Tombs Prison at two a. m. to listen to the sounds in the vicinity, such as the bells striking the hours. Both as playwright and producer I am a realist, but I do not believe in harrowing audiences unnecessarily." It is with his words on lighting, however, that Mr. Belasco best reveals his idea of the theatre. "It is much easier to appeal to audiences through their senses than through their intellects." "Lights are to drama what music is to the lyrics of a song. No other factor which enters into the production of a play is so effective in conveying its moods and feeling. They are as essential to every work of dramatic art as blood is to life. The greatest part of my success in the theatre I attribute to my feeling for colors, translated into effects of light. Sometimes these effects have been imitated by other producers with considerable success, but I do not fear such encroachments. It may be possible for others to copy my colors, but no one can get my feeling for them." The same feeling extends to costumes, though "I try not to dictate too much in the matter of dresses for my actresses."

These passages illustrate Mr. Belasco's attitude toward the public. It is essentially the attitude of the faker, the patent-medicine man. So far as the theatre inside is concerned, Mr. Belasco has had some successes, but essentially he has failed where the cheaper politician fails. He has been content with plausible lies.

"During the performance I never sit in the audience, but stand in the entrances to the stage—watching, directing, trying to quiet nervousness and to inspire confidence. I constantly tell my people of reports that I have heard from the front of the theatre, though really I have heard nothing, for I cut myself off completely from the first-night audience."

It is a symbol of Mr. Belasco's relation to the public as a producer of plays. He tells his public of reports that he has heard of the beauty and wonder and tragedy of life, though really he has heard nothing, and is completely cut off.

In one sense the public has made Mr. Belasco, as it makes and is responsible for all its successful politicians. It has made him, because it has supported him in the profanation of his art. But we have no illusions about the shrewd politician simply because he knows how to appeal to the voter. There is no more reason why we should be impressed by the feline successes of a theatrical producer like this.

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The Vicious Circle of Nationality

AUSTRIA has become this summer the central preoccupation of European strategy. Even the colossal struggles at Verdun and on the Somme are of the first importance chiefly because, by occupying the Germans, they enable the Russians and the Italians to break the bulwarks of Germany's ally. Many a year ago, when M. Delcassé dominated the policy of the nascent Entente, M. Victor Bérard expounded his political strategy by a brilliant metaphor. When the iconoclasts wanted to destroy a Gothic cathedral they did not wait to assail its deep foundations, they raised their hammers against its fragile flying buttresses.

Austria is the chief buttress of the Germanic structure, and what was then propounded as a political design, is now being executed as a military plan. The logical development of this thought has become wearily familiar during our two years of war. The aim is to reach security, and to attain security this old-world statecraft has no expedient save to weaken the enemy and keep him weak. The obvious course, since his own body is on the whole a compact national structure, is clearly to "break up" Austria. Idealists decorate this process with another label; they call it solving the European problem of nationality. The label is altogether too promising, for it ignores the big half of the nationality problem which lies east of Austria, and it conceals the fact that where the motives of weakening the enemy and solving nationality happen to clash, as they do in the strategic claims of Italy to the Adriatic shore and of Russia to Constantinople, it is the idealistic purpose which succumbs.

Whether this project of dismembering Austria will be pursued to the bitter end is written in the closed book of destiny. It means, of course, a great prolongation of the war, and the increase in our Continent's tale of the killed and maimed by millions rather than by thousands. Numbed as we are by contemplating these horrors, the question still arises whether there is no other solution. Rumor has been busy this summer, as it always is when the luck of the Hapsburgs wanes, with the suggestion that Austria might be willing to desert her ally and conclude a separate peace. It seemed at first a futile suggestion, partly because Austria is not an entirely free agent, but still more because her only chance of self-preservation as a composite state seemed to depend on a desperate clinging to Germany. The reasoning by which Dr. Naumann, for example, has sought to show that without German backing and organization the Dual Monarchy must sink to the level of a decomposing Balkan state seemed cogent and unanswerable. Moreover, since Russia, to say nothing of Italy and Serbia, seemed bent on making an end of Austria, it was hard to see a basis for negotiation. She is not yet reduced to bargaining for a quiet and edifying death.

There is now talk in Petrograd of the other solution. Instead of dismembering Austria the suggestion gains ground that she might be spared, on condition that she adopts a federal constitution. On those terms the war might be ended promptly. It seems too good to be true, but M. Sazonoff's retirement may have made room for new ideas and the new trend is vouched for at Petrograd by at least one English correspondent who enjoys some measure of "inspiration."

The motives behind the new proposal are somewhat obscure. The baffling fact is that whereas in the west it is the liberal element which cherishes relatively moderate ideas of the settlement, it is in Russia the older bureaucratic school which inclines to compromise. It dreads the new forces which war may have liberated in domestic policy. Even more, I think, it dreads such a solution of the Polish problem as we in the west would welcome. Old-fashioned people of the ruling caste both in Russia and in Germany look back wistfully, as to a healthy state of things, to the days when both Empires sat on their own Poles and experienced in that position a certain grim fraternity. A moderate peace means for us in the west an arrangement which will make an end of bloodshed to-day and of hatred tomorrow. Elsewhere it may mean something wholly different—a wish to avoid any radical solution of the Polish problem, for example. The formula of an intact but federated Austria would imply, on a literal interpretation, that there could be no reconstitution of Poland. With this caution, however, as to the existence of somewhat contrary motives, the proposal is worth consideration from the western angle.

The easy solution is so seldom in this world the better solution, that the first instincts of the Allied peoples are inevitably in arms against any proposal to deal moderately with Austria. None of us wants an "inconclusive peace"; and "strong" solutions, by cutting and carving, annexing and dismembering, have a look of finality. But apart from the quite distinct aim of weakening the enemy, a sober mind might well recoil from the heroic task of solving the innumerable problems which the dismemberment of Austria would raise. It is

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quite easy to draw on the map the frontiers of the independent kingdoms of Bohemia and Hungary, to create a great Serbia, and to lop off the portions which should fall to Poland, Rumania, Italy, and Germany. But when this is done, the architect of nations has to face some rather baffling questions. He has given away Trieste and Fiume to Italy—who needs anything rather than ports—and he must now arrange outlets and communications for land-locked Hungary and Bohemia, not to mention the South Germans and the South Slavs. He proceeds to make some arrangement of free ports which looks precarious and unnatural even on paper. He has next to find markets for Bohemian industry, and if Bohemia is to enter the Allied camp and adopt the Paris policy, he must compensate her somehow for the loss of the German market. He must next arrange that little states like Bohemia and Hungary shall live peacefully in this dangerous world with two great military empires at their doors, and when he has made them safe by tying them up tightly in military alliances, he must answer the question how a little state which must look to a great neighbor for safety, can be politically independent in anything but the narrow provincial sense of the word. Finally, when all these conundrums have been faced, there remains the racial question.

Ulster has taught us something, but here in Bohemia, in Transylvania and in the reunited Poland —if Posen is added to it—there would be Ulsters of a splendid virulence. It is bad enough when your minority, as in Ireland, counts a quarter of the population and both speak one language, but an independent Bohemia would have to deal with one German to every two Czechs and solve a language difficulty. Posen and Transylvania (with Magyars in the latter as well as Germans) are in much the same case. Our blood boils at the thought that Czechs are forced to fight against Russians, but what would happen when the Czechs tried to use their numerical preponderance to conscribe Germans to serve in an army which would fight, if ever it fought at all, against Germany?

At this point the advocate of dismemberment will call in the moral virtues to his aid. The Czechs, the Poles and the rest will display an unexampled tolerance, and treat their masters of yesterday with Christian forbearance. That has never yet happened in history, and a vision crosses my mind of the miserable herds of exiles whom I have seen fleeing from liberated Balkan states. Some residence in the Balkans taught me the meaning of what I have called the vicious circle of nationality. The warfare of the Powers is partly caused by the struggling of detached masses of kindred populations in certain mixed areas. But it is equally true to say that the struggle in the mixed area is caused, or at least aggravated, by the rivalry of the Powers. Your Czechs and Germans will go on struggling within Bohemia, because Slavs and Teutons outside it regard themselves as world-rivals. Your Slavs and Teutons will think of each other as enemies, because their fancy is constantly heated by the thought of what goes on in Bohemia. France and Germany could not be reconciled, because French culture was repressed in Alsace. The Germans would not be tolerant in Alsace, because France cultivated the sentiment of the *revanche*. The struggle of the Powers and the struggle of the races act on each other by a continual alternate stimulation. The existence of these three or four "Ulsters" within the new independent kingdoms would be a guaranty that the struggle of the Powers would continue, and the struggle of the Powers reflected within these areas would defeat the local preachers of tolerance. No cutting or carving, no re-making of the map will solve even half of the European problem of nationality. The two problems of world-peace and racial peace must be solved together. If we attempt to solve either alone, we shall solve neither.

It seems then that the more heroic solution in the case of Austria-Hungary is also the worse solution. Leave Austria standing and you avoid all the difficulties over tariffs and communications and the defense of little national units. Induce it to adopt decentralization with federation, and you offer some prospect that Czechs, Croats and Rumanians may develop their own national cultures happily, and manage their provincial affairs freely. Vienna will see that the German minority in Bohemia is not wronged, and Budapest will watch over the Magyars of Transylvania. So far it seems that abstract nationality has little to lose by this solution, while the economic interests of the races have much to gain. From the standpoint of the world's peace the advantage is overwhelming. To leave Austria-Hungary more or less intact in the territorial sense means a negotiated peace. To "break up" the Dual Monarchy means a dictated, an imposed peace. If you start the new era in the world's evolution by conference, negotiation and adjustment of interests, even though you may have had to fight a bitter war in order to bring the enemy to conference, you may on this foundation of conference build the superstructure of a league of peace. Within that league, as the rivalries of the Powers ceased to express themselves as mere violence, you might expect *pari passu* the decay of the local strife of the races. On the basis of a dictated peace, on the contrary, no future system of conference, and no league of peace could be erected without a miracle.

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A dictated peace means once more a dualism in Europe, armaments and the trade boycott, and it means the working once again of the vicious circle of nationality. The formula of an intact Austria may be too absolute. Some cession of territory is needed to make a united Poland, but if that Poland were to be a genuinely independent state, its existence as a buffer would ease the fears and with them the armaments of the rival empires. The cession to Italy of the Trentino—but not of Trieste—must also be considered. Even so a big empire remains. A method of cessions carried out at the expense of the Central Empires would solve, or pretend to solve, only half the European problem of nationality. A league of peace would at least offer some promise of a solution of the whole problem. It would achieve this first of all by its moral effect. It would bring about, very slowly perhaps, the decay of the aggressive self-consciousness of national feeling. If Germans and Czechs cease to think of tomorrow's inevitable world-war between Slavs and Teutons, their relations within the Bohemian village will be insensibly eased. The Turk failed to live happily with the Bulgar in the Macedonian village, partly because of religious differences and still more because of opposed agrarian interests, but the fatal barrier between them was that Bulgar's habit of hanging a portrait of the Russian Czar on his wall. That was a daily reminder of wars past and wars to come. Diminish the expectation of war by substituting conferences for force, and the atmosphere in a thousand villages from Alsace to Macedonia will become sensibly less electrical.

Finally, even the most sober idealist may hope that our league of peace — if Mr. Wilson will pursue his great aim undaunted—will include in its constitution some simple and general maxim, by which all its members will proclaim an equality in civil, political, religious, linguistic and educational rights for all the races of their European territories. The Jewish community proposes to ask for such a guaranty from Russia on behalf of its own kinsmen. May it prosper in that demand, but its chance of success will be the greater if the demand is made general, and sunk deep in the foundations of the league. Such a charter would benefit Letts and Ukrainians as well as Jews, and it would assure the position of all the minorities in all the Ulsters. A partisan settlement by a dictated peace could at best solve, and solve very ill, only half of Europe's problem of nationality. A settlement by conference, with a league of peace as its culmination, might lay the foundations of a general solution.

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

London, August.

The Suffrage Convention

A SUFFRAGE convention in Atlantic City! As we walked under the yellow-lettered sign announcing the assembly of the National American Woman's Suffrage Association, among the blinking electric advertisements, we felt that as never before the suffrage cause had gone forth to face the world—the varied, real world of rag-time and political parties and boardwalks and jitneys.

Atlantic City might easily have thought it appropriate, however, that our first meeting was held in a church. The meeting was on the subject of method. In the effort to obtain suffrage were we to concentrate on work for a federal amendment, or on work for state legislation, or were we to follow both activities as at present? The meeting was on the subject of method: but those who looked at the faces of the oldest women who had grown gray in the service, and watched the enthusiasm of the youngest ushers, knew that whatever its method, the cause of suffrage had remained a faith.

It was a brilliant audience. One saw Mrs. Raymond Robbins and her sister Miss Mary Dreier, who had devoted their lives intensely to the great interests of organized working-women; women distinguished in educational circles — Miss M. Carey Thomas, the president of Bryn Mawr, Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, for years the center of the Chicago struggle for better public schools. One rejoiced in the exquisite, calm presence of Alice Stone Blackwell, in her spiritual and fiery glance. All around one observed American women recognizable as salient and admired figures. A story of the careers of these women of the suffrage convention would be a tale of some of the most striking and characteristic movements of the United States of our time.

Without acrimony, without personalities, the debate on method was conducted like some good-humored game. Miss Laura Clay, a veteran fighter for states' rights, supported the method of state legislation. The policy was hopelessly unpopular; but Miss Clay, her downrightness, her force, her clarity known to suffragists for twenty-five years, was irresistible to the convention. We gloried in her. We revelled in her, and when Mrs. Bass of Chicago said: "Madam Chairman, may I ask Miss Clay a question? Would she refuse suffrage if it were given to her through the federal amendment?" and Miss Clay replied in her deep voice, and with a humorous glance, "No," the whole assembly was fascinated by something much better than logic or consistency in the debate —fascinated by its truthfulness and commonsense.

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The debate was superior in candor, in impersonality, in its vivid human references and ascertainments. Many of us who listened to it realized with a strange excitement that we were hearing a tone quite new in public counsel. But in all honesty it should I think be said that in one respect to be indicated later the debate revealed a grave weakness.

The pleasurable frankness of the speeches seemed to reach its height when Mrs. Harper of New York and Mrs. Glendower Evans of Boston announced that they had spoken for concentration on the federal amendment only because Mrs. Catt had urged them to this course, and with the understanding that they should afterwards express their own conviction. This was in favor of our old policy—that of maintaining the right of the National Association to work for both state legislation and federal amendment, the plan upheld by Miss Florence Allen of Ohio, and Mrs. Raymond Brown of New York. "Only both of these methods for suffrage," said Miss Allen, "will give us the democracy which has not yet been born."

"To reach New York voters suffrage had to be interpreted in no less than twenty-four different languages," said Mrs. Brown in presenting the educational value of the recent New York campaign. "I think," she added, "New York State has every kind of man the Lord ever made."

The convention voted in favor of continuing the National Association's present policy, at the close of a discussion of which Dr. Anna Shaw, surely an experienced listener to suffrage debates, said that it was the best she had ever heard.

But though the vote was taken, the question of the most effective working plan of the National Association was by no means closed. It came before us on the same day in a suggestion of Mrs. Catt's that we interpret our constitutional purpose of furthering appropriate federal and state legislation for suffrage, thus—"That the federal amendment be our immediate and principal aim, and that all state campaigns be preparatory to that end."

Miss Thomas offered this suggestion as a resolution. It was amended, withdrawn for the day of President Wilson's visit, when party feeling was at its height, and offered at last in another form.

> Resolved that the 48th annual convention of the N. A. W. S. A. instruct its congressional committee to concentrate all its resources upon a determined effort to carry the Federal Amendment through the last session of the 64th Congress. It pledges the support of the State organization and authorizes the national board to take such direction of the work in the States as may be necessary in its judgment to accomplish this.

With this wording the resolution met with wide favor. It passed with a large majority on the last day of the convention.

We have decided to give our congressional committee which has always devoted its energies to federal amendment a stronger backing for a time. This is something. This is an improvement on our former planning. But how slight, how limited, how feeble an improvement! We are more than one congressional committee. We are a national organization. The right of each of the component states to work for her own enfranchisement by state legislation remained unquestioned; twelve southern states declared themselves for the federal amendment. But we were yet too fearful of the appearance of partisanship to decide on our next step, as an entire organization. If we believe that enfranchisement state by state be our wisest immediate course as a national society, then why did we not adopt the suggestion of a western delegate and throw all our national strength into the approaching campaign of that state among us whose enfranchisement would have most strategic value for us all—either the southern state most important for our great common cause, or New York, in the North?

Or if we believe that the passage of the federal amendment is our wisest immediate action, why do we not as a national organization immediately work together for the federal amendment? Many persons not of cynical cast of thought have accepted the Republican and the Democratic party's suffrage planks supporting our cause by both federal and state amendments, with some reservation as to their practical value. Why did the national suffrage convention give the cause a support of the same character? Why did it say, like the noncommittal person of Mr. Galsworthy's commentary, that it would take a little of this and a little of that?

To me at least it seemed that the reason lay in that mental fallacy and weakness of the convention I have suggested before. It was a fallacy not peculiar to ourselves, or indeed to women, but characterizing great vistas of American endeavor especially in meliorative and liberal fields, and consists in an almost insane distrust of all clearly ordered efforts. Perhaps this distrust is our Anglo-Saxon heritage of that love of "muddling through" which Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. Arnold Bennett have lately criticized so keenly in the social spirit of their own nation. The mental weakness of the suffrage convention was its obvious idealization of mere distraction. It was too easily contented with feeling that a great deal was going on for suffrage—too little concerned with the effectiveness of what was done. At times it almost seemed to believe in suffrage-work for the sake of

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suffrage-work, instead of for suffrage. At no moment did the convention manifest the beautiful instinct of workmanship—the desire of determining on its nearest task, in the accomplishment of its purpose, and of doing that task well.

There was a tone of poetry for us in our president's speech when she spoke of her life-long pilgrimage in the suffrage cause. As a young girl she had stood on a chair in a South Dakota political convention and heard the convincing and expressive voices of Susan Anthony and Anna Howard Shaw speak unregarded to an assembly which endorsed the enfranchisement of a group of Sioux Indians, mute and stoically profiled, upon either side of the politician who spoke their successful plea. Seated in polling places she had seen Russian and Polish and Rumanian voters who could not read casting their votes according to pictorial emblems at the head of their ticket—an eagle, or a hammer, or a zodiacal sign, and receiving openly two dollars apiece from their paymaster of our American political tradition. Picturesque, unique, inspiring was her story of the past, the contemporary, the coming history of woman's suffrage in the United States, ending with its tale of our peculiar responsibility in the International Suffrage Alliance, in the stricken state of the European suffragists to-day.

Very deeply many of us thought as she spoke of what we ought to do for suffrage. Our convention in March, before the international meeting, will give us the next answer to that question. Whether our work be for a state of the South or the North, or in Washington for all the states, it is to be hoped that the work will be clearly identified, and undertaken in the spirit of one for all, and all for one.

EDITH WYATT.

Greece and Saloniki

THE sudden action of Rumania, after such a long delay, came as a surprise to many European capitals, but nowhere more so than in the city of Athens. It would be ludicrous, were it not tragic, to observe the present running about of certain Greek politicians, bleating resentfully that the Rumanians did not tell them what they meant to do. For eighteen months the Greeks have been asking Bratianu whether he, being in the same boat as themselves, meant to take action, to which question they have received only oracular replies. Bratianu said little until he was ready to act, and then, for better or for worse, he acted. Contrast Rumania's policy with that of Greece. Governed equally by the counsels of mere opportunity, Rumania at least now stands to win much if she wins at all while Greece, win or lose, stands to get nothing. Such is the contrast between the results of a settled policy and of mere drifting.

Yet in some ways the difficulties of Greece were greater than those of Rumania. Bratianu had no public opinion to consider, for there is none in Rumania, while Greece is a democracy, somewhat corrupt, but still a democracy. The fight in Greece was not wholly a fight between Venizelos and the king; it was just as much a fight between the islands and the seaports, pro-Ally for trade reasons, and the farmers of Thessaly and Macedonia, pro-German through fear of invasion.

Unfortunately for Greece the counsels of Constantine were the counsels of fear, for which the man chiefly responsible was the Greek chief of staff, General Dousmanis. He it was who first, last and all the time possessed the king's ear. It was he, not Gounaris or Theotokis, who made it possible for the king to allow Venizelos to mobilize the army, and then, with the army mobilized, to dismiss Venizelos from power. It was he who encouraged successfully pro-German sentiments in the Greek nation, now become the Greek army, exaggerated the "insults" of the Allies to Greece, and thereby considerably undermined the power of Venizelos. It was he who was responsible for the troubles attending the Greek demobilization, in which scores of officers handed in their resignations "until the day"—I quote the accompanying manifesto—"when Greece shall have at her head a government prepared to defend the country against foreign violence."

Constantine is a soldier; Dousmanis is a soldier; and at the bottom of their attitude was at first merely the settled belief, common to the officers of almost all the neutral armies (and often in the nature of an obsession), that Germany could not be beaten. Originally their attitude was inspired by a patriotic desire to spare Greece the horrors of an invasion; but opposition confirmed in them both a strong pro-German sentiment. No doubt in the king's case the influence of the queen counted for much; but between them they backed the wrong horse and wrecked Venizelos's aspirations for a greater Greece. Now at last the situation is apparent in its true light; Dousmanis has been forced to resign; and the king "is not disinclined to reconsider his previous attitude." But it is too late; talk about the ancient Empire and of Greece's hour

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striking is mere nonsense now; for the hour of Greece struck long ago.

What Greece does now matters less in a political than a military sense. Faced by the dangers both of Rumanian intervention and of an election (since postponed) in Greece, Bulgaria advanced in Greek territory at many points. In the east Bulgarian armies occupied Kavalla and the east bank of the Struma River; in the west they advanced into Greek Macedonia south of Monastir, and into Thessaly south of Lake Ochrida. But the Rumanian blow could not be avoided, and large forces are now needed to protect the southern bank of the River Danube. What troops, therefore, Bulgaria can spare for offensive purposes are advancing in the Rumanian province of the Dobrudja with the manifest intention of reaching the defensive line of the south bank of the Danube, where that river, east of Rustchuk, ceases to be the Rumanian-Bulgarian boundary, and flows to the sea through Rumanian territory alone.

It is possible that originally the Bulgarians intended to attack the Saloniki army of the Allies from the east bank of the Struma River, which is paralleled to the eastward by the Seres sector of the Dedeagatch railway. At any rate they occupied, until lately, the east bank, and could they have forced a crossing, the Allies, their right wing in the air, might have been forced to retire within the fortified camp of Saloniki itself. But the chances for the success of such a movement, never very great, were lessened by the need for northward moving reinforcements. Now the Allies themselves have crossed the Struma and taken the offensive.

Likewise in the Vardar Valley, where the main Allied forces are, strong forces must be maintained, and against the Serbs operating on the Monastir-Saloniki railroad large detachments are needed. To the north, especially in the regions of Nish and Sofia, the Danube crossings must be heavily guarded all the way from the Iron Gates to the border east of Rustchuk, and if possible (by the defensive invasion now taking place) from thence to the Black Sea. It can therefore easily be seen that the difficulties of the Bulgarians, with an army of perhaps 350,000 men in all, have become enormous.

This is where the Greeks can still come in. The Italians, whom the Greeks hate, are occupying the line of the Voyusa River in the Valona region of Albania. From there to the point near Kastoria in Thessaly where the left wing of the Serbians rests, there are no forces, Teuton or Ally, except occasional patrols. Bulgarian forces advancing through the roadless country south of Lake Oderida have recently occupied several points in northwestern Thessaly, far into Greek territory. It was owing to these occurrences that the Allied staffs at Saloniki recently asked the Greek government how far the Bulgarian movement into Thessaly would be allowed to extend, in order that they themselves might know what defensive measures to take. Such at the moment remains the state of affairs.

So the Greeks have still one more chance. Let them forget their hatred of Italy, fill the gap between the Italians in Albania and the Serbian left wing, strike the right flank of the Bulgarians, now probably weakened, and roll that flank all the way to Monastir, and if they can, beyond. For the fall of Monastir would speedily render unfavorable the whole series of Bulgarian defensive positions in Macedonia, so laboriously constructed by the toil of twelve months, and oblige the Bulgarians to stand the test of open fighting against a superior foe.

But the Greeks must act quickly. There is no time for bargaining or for insisting on exact terms. A successful military operation against Bulgaria will do more for them now than all the diplomatic promises in the world.

GERALD MORGAN.

Eastern Names

WHAT'S in a name? If the heart has atrophied, having attained that wisdom which is mainly disillusion, a name is nothing much; but if the heart keep young, a name's the world and all. What man of parts, choosing a book at random, would hesitate between Paolo and Francesca and Peter Simple, or spend his money for "Martin Chuzzlewit" if his eye fell on "The Last of the Mohicans" or "The Master of Ballantrae" in the next row of the stall? And, of all right-spirited young sprouts of sensibility and good romantic proclivities, who would not rather love a girl named Eleanor than one named Mary Jane; who would not rather follow a commander named Nelson than one named Henry Simpkins; who would not rather go to sea in a ship named the Talavera than in one named the Codfish; who would not rather sight the land in the Straits of Sunda than at Brackett Bay?

Even though Tristan d' Acunha is a bleak and uninhabitable island, and though the full-rigged ship Henry B. Hyde was one of the swiftest and most beautiful vessels that ever spread a sail, yet the sailor's heart refutes the prose of knowledge, and still believes in delectable and sounding names. He dreams of capes and islands whose appellations are music and a song, of lands that echo their delightful syllables, of mountains that shout the grandeur of their crowned and stately realms;

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and if by any chance a ship were given him again and he were told to sail in search of treasure and romance, he would lay his course for Eastern waters, where squalls hang in the shadow of Sumatra-side, where the North Watcher stands like a sentinel at the head of the Thousand Isles, where the land breeze drops at evening from the Java hills.

The track towards the East is marked with singing names. No sooner is the voyage well under way, than Fernando de Noronha heaves in sight; that island of the tall black Pinnacle, a pencil of rock, a mighty spire above the mountain roof, known to every sailor who has crossed the Line in the Atlantic. It appears, rises, stands on the horizon pale and wonderfully green in the shimmering tropic air, a jewel set on a still and silver sea. It vanishes astern, as the ship picks up the southeast trades.

In the height of the trades another island, Trinidad (not Port of Spain) breaks the horizon, a dark lump of barren rock in the midst of sparkling waters, quickly passed in the hurry of the constant breeze. Soon afterwards the Cape of Good Hope stands abeam: the Cape of Good Hope, first called Cabo Tormentoso, Cape of Storms. Vasco de Gama, the Portuguese, first rounded it. And then the Indian Ocean, past Algoa Bay, Natal, and Madagascar. And past the Keeling Islands, that bold piratical group, where blood and mutiny abound, and treasure caskets lie buried under burning sands.

The first big land sighted on the outward passage is at Java Head; beside it stands Cape Sangian Sira, with its name like a battle-cry. We are in the Straits of Sunda: name charged with the heady languor of the Orient, bringing to mind pictures of palm-fringed shores and native villages, of the dark-skinned men of Java clad in bright sarongs, clamoring from their black-painted dugouts, selling fruit and brilliant birds. These waters are rich in names that stir the blood, like Krakatoa, Gunong Delam, or Lambuan; or finer, more sounding than all the rest, Telok Betong and Rajah Bassa, a town and a mountain—Telok Betong at the head of Lampong Bay and Rajah Bassa, grand old bulwark on the Sumatra shore, the cradle of fierce and sudden squalls.

How shall we cross the China Sea—through Banka, Gaspar, or Caramata Straits? It all depends on the monsoon. In Banka, we are fairly launched among the smooth Malayan names. We pass the Lucipara Islands, we take a bearing on Tobo Ali Lama and the Karang Brom-Brom. But Gaspar is the main highway. How often have we picked up the light on Shoalwater Island, made the coast of Billiton, and passed close under Southwest Point, where the white lighthouse stands above the palms. Navigation in these channels was a constant menace to the old-time navigator. Many a vessel driving home on a clipper passage touched a point of coral that showed no breakers, and found herself wrecked beneath calm and tropic skies. She left her name along with her bones. Hippogriffe Shoal, and Hillsborough Rock, Actaeon and Severn Reefs and many more, each mark the grave of some fine ship. We think of them as we pass by. The waters of Caramata touch the shores of Borneo, inscrutable and lovely island of the East. We hail the town of Banjarmassin, and sail on.

Perhaps the two most beautiful names in all the East are given to the waters lying along the opposite coasts of Borneo—Palawan Passage, and Macassar Strait. Palawan skirts the Borneo shore in the China Sea, running between Palawan, Labuan, and the group of shoals to westward in open water, named mostly for ships or captains of the past. South of Palawan, Balbac Strait leads into the Sulu Sea; to the northward lies Mindoro Strait. The names along these coasts are divided between the English and the native tongues; Triple-Top Island, Treacherous Bay, Boat Rock, and Conflagration Hill alternate with such names as Appurawan, Bahelee, Inlulutoc, and Malampaya. Spanish names, too, begin to appear: Santa Monica is a town on the north of Palawan, and Punto de San Tomas, on the island of Mindanao, is the site of a remarkable Spanish ruin.

Along the coast of the Philippines, Spanish, English, and native names are equally divided. Beside the island of Popototan lies Isla Verde, and next to that, the Haycock. Off to the westward we find another group of shoals and dangers named for clipper ships: Diana Reef, Elphinstone Rock, Rifleman Bank, Investigator Shoal. Out on the middle track, the track of fair monsoons, lie the Anamba Islands, Amboyna, and Seluan. And farther still to the westward, in the Gulf of Siam, are many well known names of fine romantic flavor: Saigon, Bangkok, Cambodia, Pulo Condore, and Cape Padaran.

But if the northeast monsoon is at its height, we would better turn aside from Sunda and the China Sea, and take the Eastern Passages to the Pacific. These waters have seen stirring times. Here, in days when great fleets of sailing ships traversed the eastern seas, when coasts were carelessly charted, the captain lived in constant fear of hidden dangers. Winds were baffling, tides confusing and strong; the channels were so narrow and tortuous that often it was a difficult operation to work a ship through without striking on the outlying shoals. Many a man has looked down

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through the clear waters of Macassar Strait or Ombay Pass, and seen the white coral rising to his keel when he thought he had twenty fathoms to spare. But on they drove, for tea and silk and spices, across the Flores Sea through Ombay Pass, across the Bania and Arafura Seas, up through Molucca Passage, past Amboina and the rich Spice Islands, out at last through the Straits of Jillolo to the open Pacific. Then northward and in by Bashee Channel, where in the fairway lies Botel Tobago, an island named for a boy's wildest dream.

And on to the ports of China, so familiar that we seldom try to remember how they used to sound. Hong Kong, Amoy, Canton, Foochow, Shanghai—these speak a secret language to the sailor, a tale of ardent adventure in the old clipper tea-trade, and bring to mind the long procession of ships that have passed away. Romance. He likes to repeat the names that once were part of every day in port: Stonecutter's Island, Lymoon Pass, the Great Ladrones, and Kowloon-side. With joy in each syllable, he tells of Pratas Reef, and Pedro Blanco, and the Pescadores, which used to lead him in from sea. And he remembers, too, another place called Happy Valley, lying amid the palms and blossoms of Wanchi.

LINCOLN COLCORD.

Work the Invincible

THE greatest virtue of war, declares M. Pierre Hamp, in his new book "Le Travail Invincible," is to make men love work. "A soldier said to me: 'When shall we do a good day's work?' I asked him his trade. He defined it for me. 'It's a rotten trade (*un sâle métier*). But I shall be glad to get back to it.'" War is only a momentary disorder, M. Hamp reiterates, "we must always end by going back to work."

The author from whom I quote has ever dealt honestly by the French workman. In his previous writings, "Le Rail," for instance, "Contes écrits dans le Nord," he has proved himself that rarity in any country, the man who has come into literature by the door of the working class and can therefore speak with documented authority of industrial conditions. This little volume (published by "l'Union pour la Vérité" in its series of "entretiens des non-combattants durant la guerre") would be healthy reading for those American sentimentalists who still prate of a "new" France which has emerged like a sort of pious phoenix from the ashes of a sceptical and frivolous past. "Gaspard" was reassuring to some of us, because it showed convincingly that the *poilu* was not the be-medalled convert of whom we have heard so much, but the same old sceptic who used to shoulder our bags as we stepped from a ship on to French soil—the individual whose impudent, appraising eye and terse philosophical phrase put us severely in our place and stirred every faculty to life. But "Le Travail Invincible" has heartened one old-fashioned Francophile still more; it has confirmed me in my belief that what is taking France through these terrible years is no new set of qualities but a very ancient and familiar French virtue which may be called the love of the job, or as M. Hamp puts it, the professional conscience. This love of work for work's sake, this zeal for technical perfection was common to all classes and both sexes in France before the war; from the farmer with his single field or vineyard, to the scrupulous literary artist; from the humble concierge, who for twenty years had made one variety of artificial rose-bud to the "great" dressmaker of the Rue de la Paix, they all drew on it, as a deep spring of vitality. Even the sweated lingerie-maker, even the militant industrialist ground in the wheels of competition, had not altogether lost their pride in good workmanship.

Last winter at the French "official movies" I had a startling visual impression of how the professional conscience, suddenly diverted from its normal channels, had been turned to the trade of soldiering. These men who in civil life had been carpenters, or professors, or pastry cooks, popped in and out of their burrows, lifted their wounded, fired their big guns with the same ease, efficiency and determined care that had possessed them in days of peace. The best soldier and truest hero quite obviously was not the white-gloved "St. Cyrien," but the man who did his drudging part steadily and in wholesome fear of bullets. "Military glory can only be iniquitous," declares M. Hamp. "Victory comes to those who do their job well. There was nothing at Thermopylae but the professional conscience."

But M. Hamp is more interested in the workman than in the soldier, and after a journey through the northern provinces whose industries he has good reason to know, he makes us share his poignant impression that "*l'héroïsme ouvrier,*" deserves rather more praise than military heroism. For these old or elderly men, these women of all ages whom he saw tilling their fields and running their machines under shell-fire, might have sought safe shelter further south. The state urged them to go, offered them free transport and an out-of-work allowance till new homes and occupations were found for them. That they have remained, defending their farms and villages and factories as the soldier defends his trench, proves

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them, he says, the truest guardians of the national resources, of the energy and technical skill which must reinvigorate his wounded country.

If the inhabitants had fled from the range of the German big guns, "to the region devastated by war would have been added a region devastated by fear" a band, thirty-five kilometers deep, of uncultivated fields and factories shut down. Instead, the vast clayey plain of Flemish France, swept by cannon, covered with the burnt skeletons of farm-houses and villages, where the few trees spared by the Allied troops have been gnawed white by idle cavalry horses and even the agricultural implements have been burned in the camp-fires, this plain is now green with wheat. It stretches fair and tall, to the very edge of the firing-line "as if nothing had happened in Flanders but sun and wind and rain." Not a field lies fallow, not a thistle is to be seen. The farmers' wives who have accomplished this stupendous labor without their men-folk are unmoved by the whistling of German and English shells over their fields. "Since the grain is high, one hears less that they are killing each other." "Die here or die elsewhere—" they say. And when a shell bursts in the next furrow they only shrug their shoulders: "If that's all . . . !"

The factory-worker has been quite as wonderful. The collective courage of trade has proved superior to that of the regiment; these women who were under no compulsion to risk their lives daily have found *le métier* a potent cuirass for the spirit. Even those who were actually driven out have come back as soon as the tide of invasion turned—come back to towns and factories constantly exposed to shell fire.

There are villages where all the inhabitants live in cellars, entrenched like the soldiers behind gunny sacks filled with sand, and much of the machinery of the cotton trade has been similarly buried, the work being done by electric light. In many of the factory storehouses English soldiers are quartered. They take their baths in the bleacheries, clean their bayonets with sulphuric acid used for bleaching flax, and share strawberry jam and pleasantries with these sturdy girls who even cross open fields to do their "*journée*" regardless of daily tragedies. "You must work," they say, "as if you never had to die." "It doesn't do to get your hand out." Their work, the manufacture of tent cloth, of jute which is needed in very large quantities for the gunny sacks, is essential to the army. After the day in the mill many women work at home sewing the sacks, making cartridge-belts. Never was woman's labor so greatly in demand.

So the "*front du travail*," the "labor-front" has closely followed the battle-front. "This movement will be a magnificent one to trace in a documentary history of industry during the war." In the valley of the Lys, for instance, the weaving mills stopped work the 6th of October under bombardment. The 15th the Germans were repulsed and the 25th the looms were again in motion. Nevertheless the technique of the French "white trade" is paralyzed. Germany holds the most precious part of the textile region, Lille with its spinning mills—where the working woman has shown an almost terrible patriotism in her absolute refusal to run the mills for Germany—in the Cambrésis where the finest batistes were woven, also the woolen region of Roubaix, Tourcoing. France has been able to hold only the jute region about Dunkirk, the flax mills of the Lys, the country beginning at Armentières where the heavier linens are made.

By a singular chance it is the troops of her economic rival in the cotton trade that are defending her mills against German cannon. The Paris white trade is now dependent on England for its finer linens and cottons. How much less fine they are than those filmy webs which the hereditary weavers of Cambrai wrought by hand, from hand-spun flax in their dank cellars, many exquisite American ladies already know. The lingerie that comes from Paris is now so inferior that even the Philippines are getting their chance.

M. Hamp gives a beautiful description of the ancestral trade of Cambrai, which because it was practised largely by the old may now, he suggests, lapse forever, become a lost art like Etruscan pottery. Nevertheless the ancient textile country has traversed many wars before this one. From the beginning the generations have woven in cellars whose subterranean damp gave the stretched flax the necessary suppleness. Emperors and kings have passed over the roads, and soldiers have trampled the fields, but grain has continued to grow and looms to move, and women have continued to demand the fine webs of Flanders. "And this is the country where the working-woman does not stop her task for the noise of the cannon."

"The plain, the wheat, the mill contain an invincibility which war will not reduce. . . . Under the passing violence the earth pursues her eternity and one sees the hands of women tying the sheaves with a gesture always the same since the beginning of the world. There are in humanity forces which the anger of man will never crush, and it draws from these forces its nourishment. War lives on the imperishable will to labor. What force here dominates everything? The soldier knows how to conquer the soldier. Work can vanquish death."

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT.

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VERSE

Pastel

Misty against the dark,
  Against the rainy sky,
Lilac the arc-light spluttered—
  And the wind went by.

Tiptoe in the pool
  Of violet and white,
Trembled a bare and slender sapling,
  Shivering in the night.

And vaguely from afar,
  Like a shadow there,
A skein of longing bird-notes
  Drifted through the air.

Lo! the two that passed
  Did not speak one word.
Wistful he bent to her, she bowed.
  Only the wind stirred.

* * * * *

Misty against the dark,
  Against the rainy sky,
The lilac arc-light spluttered—
  And the wind went by.

LOUIS GINSBERG.

CORRESPONDENCE

My Lord of New Hampshire

SIR: The President, as you say, is to be commended for his stand in the Rublee matter, but the significance of this incident has not, I think, been quite fully appreciated. The Senate's action is more than a careless support of a "spiteful old man" through deplorable senatorial courtesy. Heretofore when senators have objected to an appointment on private instead of public grounds they have at least alleged the public interest as the ostensible reason for their action. Here, for the first time, if I am not mistaken, a senator has objected for purely personal and private reasons. "He is offensive to ME" is unblushingly offered as a quite sufficient reason for refusing confirmation of a presidential appointment. This has a medieval and feudal flavor, and brings the real nature of political bossism into strong relief. It would be quite in order in some twelfth century council of state in which the privileges of the assembled seignorial lords were of more importance than the king's business, but it seems out of place in a modern legislative body. Now it is quite significant that a majority of the Senate supported the gentleman (I had almost written the Noble Lord) from New Hampshire, thereby appearing to approve the "public be damned" attitude of Mr. Gallinger. The reason for this, of course, is plain. On some future occasion the Grand Seigneurs of New York and Pennsylvania, and other principalities would need support in protecting their immemorial feudal rights in post offices, custom houses, etc.

Considering the theory upon which we elect senators and put weighty national affairs in their hands, such incidents look fantastic—like huge jokes. But the slant of such jokes might be altered if the people, with some vague sense that the public business is more important than the private fortunes of senators, should take away from them, or greatly restrict, the power of confirmation.

GEO. BURNHAM, JR.

Dublin, New Hampshire.

For Inquiry Into Social Reform

SIR: The article appearing in the issue of THE NEW REPUBLIC of August 26th, "A Bill of Costs for Social Reform," is very illuminating. It is like a signboard at a cross-roads, pointing the way that accurate inquiry into social relations is following.

If THE NEW REPUBLIC could append a bibliography giving specific references it would do more than merely show the way, it would permit its readers to follow it and possibly contribute to its further advancement.

I am interested in this matter, and should it not be possible to introduce such a bibilography into the body of the magazine, would be grateful for more specific reference to the works mentioned in the article.

J. A. STEFFENS.

South Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

[NOTE: We gladly append a bibliography. The references are concerned no less with illustrating the method of inquiry than with the results. Those marked with an asterisk are suited to the general reader who has no statistical training.

I.—PROBLEMS OF SOCIAL BIOLOGY

D. Heron. The Relation of Fertility to Social Status.
W. P. Elderton and S. J. Perry. The Mortality of the Tuberculous and Sanatorium Treatment.
E. C. Snow. The Intensity of Natural Selection in Man.
Amy Barrington and Karl Pearson. Relative Influence of Heredity and Environment on Sight.
D. Heron. Influence of Unfavorable Home Environment and Defective Physique on the Intelligence of School Children.
Karl Pearson. The Influence of Parental Alcoholism.
*Karl Pearson. Social Problems and Their Treatment.
*Karl Pearson. Eugenics and Public Health.
*Karl Pearson. The Problem of Practical Eugenics.
E. M. Elderton. Report on the English Birth Rate.
Charles Goring. The English Convict: A Statistical Study.

II.—PROBLEMS OF SOCIAL ECONOMICS

G. U. Yule. Total Pauperism and Outdoor Relief. (Economic Journal. Vol. V.)
R. H. Hooker. The Marriage Rate and Trade. (Journal of the Royal Statistical Society. Vol. 64, 1901.)
G. U. Yule. Changes in the Marriage and Birth Rates in England During the Past Half Century. (Journal of the Royal Statistical Society. Vol. 69. 1906.)
E. C. Snow. Post-Census Populations (Ibid. Vol. 74. 1911.)
G. U. Yule. The Causes of Changes in English Pauperism. (Ibid. Vol. 62. 1899.)
S. M. Jacob. On the Correlation of Areas of Matured Crops and the Rainfall. (Mem. Asiatic Soc. of Bengal. Vol. 11. 1910.)

—THE EDITORS.]

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The Woman's Man

SIR: I have read the self-revelations of "A Man's Woman" in your issue of August 26th with interest and, I hope, with profit. It should certainly help in countering the moves of the enemy to be told his (or her) tactics. And yet there will not down a feeling of alarm, an incipient panicky state of mind. We men have, of course, known for ages that we were most the marionettes of woman when we most proudly vaunted our self-satisfied superiority, but little did we suspect till that fateful day of August 26th how exquisitely fine-spun were the strings that regulated our dance. "And it's frightfully difficult, when it becomes suddenly obvious, as so often happens in a roomful of friends, that the secret a man had implied he was telling to no ears but yours has been confided all over the place—it's frightfully difficult both to avoid looking hurt and also to avoid conveying the idea that the only reason you aren't hurt is that you knew all along that he was the sort that would tell everybody." Frightfully difficult, no doubt, but I am convinced that such past-masters of the feminine art daily solve even more difficult problems.

Now as to that panicky feeling I spoke of. Does it not become maddeningly obvious, in view of these ingenuous wiles, that the granting of the suffrage to women (how deplorably inevitable!) adds to their undoubted superiority in the technique of personal relations a powerful weapon that leaves us completely at their mercy? We who have been talking of the suffrage as a mark of our masculine prerogatives are only braggarts trying to keep up a stiff upper lip. At heart we know that we but defend our last point of vantage before surrendering to our fate. It is written on the wall that the "fair" sex is soon to be also the "strong." Lest some men, reckless in their fancied security, consider all this chimerical, let them bethink themselves that already in Tibet the "weaker sex" refers to men. A drowning man grasps at a straw. I can only suggest a straw. It is that perhaps not all women are "man's women." I am meekly aware of the fact that this is purely hypothetical. It seems to controvert all experience. Can you suggest better reason for hope?

E. SAPIR.

A Truce to Subtleties

SIR: With gracious deference to Miss Julia Woodbury, I wish to deny that the presentation she has made of herself entitles her to the name "a man's woman."

It is true that men are in a very confused position in placing women of to-day, who range all the way from old-time chivalry demanders to new-time chivalry spurners; and that there is no fixed standard for "a man's woman."

Yet the very definite impression Miss Woodbury's statement leaves on the reader is one, not of that directness which is very universally looked for in "a man's woman," but of the same old feminine dissembling, sharpened to a still keener edge. I fear that some modern Madame Récamier could very quickly disillusion Miss Woodbury regarding the true status of her temperament, by showing her that what a woman thinks, or even what men tell her, is a man's woman is most likely to be greatly different from what men indicate by their actions to be truly a man's woman.

A man's woman is usually that woman who is a welcome relief from common "woman's stuff." Of all the things she is not, she is certainly no bag of tricks, yet Miss Woodbury seems charmingly full of them, differing only from her women's women sisters in that her tricks are a little more ripe and telling from experience and use.

It would be quite pointless to claim that a real man's woman *always* laid *all* her cards on the table, but since the average American man has no relish for making a game out of love and friendship with women, the fewer tricks a woman has and the more easily she can stand exposure of her hand or losing the game altogether the more sure she is to be a real man's woman.

Miss Woodbury seems to rest her claim to this feminine laurel on a string of subtleties of relationship with men. Her deft skill in these are proof rather that she is a woman's woman, however popular she may be with men, or whatever successfully chummy manner she may mask herself behind. Even if men tell her she is a man's woman, it is very likely a tribute to her ability at simulation from her less analytical men friends, or else a form of flattery too subtle even for her, from men who unconsciously, if not consciously, recognize in her merely up-to-date woman's stuff.

It is delightful, nevertheless, to have a woman set down frankly the typical circumlocutions and subtleties of the woman-mind in its relationships to men. More of it might lead to self-realizations that would produce more "men's women." Happy day!

MISOGYNIST.

Another Secret Out

SIR: I was interested in the letter of Mr. Acton F. Palgrave in your September 9th issue, entitled "Mrs. Meyer Lets the Cat Out," because I have in my possession a letter from a prominent anti-suffrage speaker in Massachusetts, a woman who stumped the state last year, in which she says that I "may be surprised to know" that she is really active against woman suffrage, because she thinks the extension of the franchise will mean the spread of Socialism. As a matter of fact, having heard her speak, I was not surprised at all. The only thing that would have surprised me would have been any indication on her part that she knew what Socialism really is. She represents a very considerable element of the opposition to woman suffrage in this state. Petticoated privilege, intrenched behind its calling cards, is prepared to defend its frontiers to the last tea-cup!

WALTER PRICHARD EATON.

Stockbridge, Massachusetts.

A Correction

SIR: Mr. William Z. Ripley in his article "The Two Sides" in your issue of August 26th makes the statement that the Atlantic Coast Line, owing to the fact that its engineers are already on a basic eight-hour day would be unaffected. While he is correct so far as trains are concerned which are classified as "through freights" he misses the mark very widely when he says it would be unaffected.

It is only in "Through Freight" service that the basic eight-hour day exists on the A. C. L. In other classes of service, as for yard engines, local freight trains, etc., the ten-hour day is still the basis. The A. C. L. will be affected to the extent of hundreds of thousands of dollars annually.

J. LOWELL WHITE,
Asst. to General Supt. of Transportation.

Wilmington, North Carolina.

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After the Play

IT seems perfectly simple to go ahead at any time and review any play. I used to think so myself, but not any more.

Fifteen years ago we lived in the same boarding-house. We roomed on the same floor, took turns at the same tin tub, ate at the same table "in the window," observed the same consumptive ilanthus tree in the yard. He paid $9 a week, I remember, and I paid $6. He earned $18 a week working in a publishing house and I got $11 as a clerk. His was the top front room with running water and I had another room with running water, only mine ran down from the skylight. We were already "literary," though neither of us wrote for publication, and we had the exciting experience of reading d'Annunzio by the asthmatic gas-jet of those primitive days. It was, I suppose, all very romantic. In his eyes I know it is still romantic. I retain carnal memories of veal and pork and canned peas and little acerbated oranges cut off ere their prime.

He married. The girl was a young Southerner, beautiful in a dark and downy way, who had come with her mother to New York in order to study music. The mother and girl were well-off and they had the regal suite on the ground floor. The intimacy developed without my recognizing it as intimacy. It circled around the big piano downstairs in what I took to be essentially musical conclave. I rather lost touch during this period which preceded my friend's marriage and departure, but I know that I should have seen it was a happy situation if I had not been self-absorbed, like many of the bitterly young.

Down South he began to write, first about southern conditions, for an Indianapolis magazine, then as a novelist and then for the theatre. His first novel was a good one. It carried one man's experience from just before Chancellorsville to Gettysburg. It was reticent, terse, dramatic, but its strength and feeling meant nothing to northern reviewers and it was in a public sense an absolute fizzle. The first play appeared around the year 1909—about the same time as their first child. It was a play of southern life, cutting out darky mammies and broken fortunes and "wah" talk, rather more discursive than energetic. It was, strange to say, a fair success. It would have been a real success, my friend wrote me, if the managers had not tinkered at it, insisted on blobbing it up with local color and conventionalizing its humor. "No more managers," he wrote me, "not if I have to starve."

On the basis of his first success he moved his wife and mother-in-law and the child to Seacliff, Long Island, where he bought a big old house with his wife's money and settled down to finish his second play. This play, I understand, was a drama of character with Indianapolis for its background and a young American called Joan as the heroine. On the strength of the first play he read it to a regular producer. It was accepted and put in rehearsal. Before the rehearsals had gone on for a fortnight there were terrific disputes. I heard of one about the heroine. My friend wanted her to be played as his idea of American, Diana more than Aphrodite, swift in word and deed, sunlit, scapegrace, strong in love only when tempered, while the producer wanted her like a magazine cover, big-eyed and fascinating, with tones like a 'cello. The row was tremendous. It led to personal remarks contrasting adipose with nervous tissue, and a severance of relations. My friend financed the production, got a late start in an inferior theatre, made so many mistakes through the valor of his ignorance that the gains in sincerity were hardly perceptible, used heartbreaking devices to keep the play advertised and pulmotored, and staggered to the end of a hundred-night run more dead than alive. His family were all with him. His wife rewarded him by bestowing another baby on him, and incidentally illustrated the high cost of urban maternity. A farm at once became the ideal of the family. The Seacliff house was held at a loss and distant acres down Long Island purchased. At any rate, it ensured whole milk.

It is important if one wishes to discuss one's male friends to know (1) their wife's fortune, if any, (2) their own meagre income, (3) their probable expenses. I regret that in this case I have hardly the data to produce. But I know that for several years after the purchase of the farm my friend did not continue at the drama. He took up popular magazine work on the strength of his early attempts in Indianapolis and his well-known name. He quickly made money. He acquired definite experiences. It was a valuable chapter in his life, but he clearly longed to get back to writing plays. The amount of money he took time to accumulate was not very great, especially when you make a budget for wife, affectionate but invalid mother-in-law, eugenic children, picturesque farm, indispensable Ford and high-brow cows.

The play that came recently is the one I wish really to talk about. But before I mention it I must interject a word about magazine experience and dramas with a "punch." Americans like "punch" in their newspapers and magazines. Their minds are engaged by facts revealed in a dramatic way. This is not drama in the poetic sense but it does attract people to the theatre, and they certainly pay money if there is sufficient "thrill." This thrill my friend managed to capture. His play had the "wallop." But he believed he had captured something else. Taking all the funds he could get, at all events, selling his Seacliff house at a sacrifice, he recruited his own cast, invested everything in an elaborate production and sunned himself in hope.

He could not get into New York. That was the first blow. The play opened in Hartford and later on I went up there. By that time my friend was borrowing money to keep the cast together. The sun of hope was under a cloud or two. His mother-in-law, whom he liked, was seriously ill on the farm, his wife staying with her and the children. Nervously, he was near the ragged edge.

But he met me cheerfully, good romantic soul, all eager about recouping his wife. We chatted the whole afternoon. "And do you remember," he would ramble, "the colored man in our old boarding-house? What was his name? And cranky old Margaret? And the rain coming down your skylight? Think of it, the change."

I went to the play. He came to me in the middle of the performance, beaming kindly, paternal. "Just wait till the end of the third," he said, like a Moses bubbling over to a tribesman. My spirit dissolved inside, and then seemed to solidify into lead. I was like a real estate agent who knew too well already that Moses had been sold a blue print. As the clerk says in "Justice," "It isn't *nice*."

When I had bestowed my Judas kiss on my smiling friend and hurried to the train for New York, the quality of that play came over me. It could so easily seem great art to my author, great "neglected" art. He had tried to get it over uncontaminated, had spent his wife's fortune keeping the conduits clear. What have these facts to do with the quality of his playwrighting? Nothing whatever. But they insist on making this story my only review of the play.

F. H.

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Books and Things

I DO not agree with certain representatives of Roman Catholic opinion that the modern sociologist does more harm than good. I would not burn a modern sociologist or even abolish him, if I could. Considering him as an indefatigable male burrowing among the roots of social complexities that he cannot understand, I rather admire him, but when he comes to the surface too soon, as he often does, and proclaims enormous certitudes as to the soul of this nation or that, and as to the direction that human society is bound to take, I should like to get him back into his hole again. And I question the value of a great many of his biological and evolutionary analogies. Take the man who some years ago reached the conclusion after the most violent sociological endeavors that the average politician was something of an ass. Why need he have fought his way to such a simple consummation, when he might so easily have jumped to it? Not that he said in so many words, politicians are asses. He put it sociologically. Party cries and iterative watchwords, said he, biologically, psychologically, and sociologically regarded, are modes of appeal to the instincts of the herd, inherited from remote, probably prehistoric, zoological ancestors. But when you analyze this it comes to nothing more than saying that politicians are like the prehistoric ass, which adds little to our knowledge, and even as a term of abuse is not much more effective.

"The scarlet paint and wolf-skin headdress of a warrior, or the dragon mark of a medicine man, appeal, like the smile of a modern candidate, directly to our instinctive nature."

I see no value in this discovery. Had sociology never been invented I should have known that the dragon-mark of a medicine man appealed even more directly to my instinctive nature than the smile of Woodrow Wilson toward the labor vote.

Laughter, he went on in his strange thoughtfulness, laughter occurs sometimes in political life, but sociologically considered it is "comparatively unimportant." Nevertheless let us consider it biogenetically:

"It may have been evolved because an animal which suffered a slight spasm in the presence of the unexpected was more likely to be on its guard against its enemies, or it may have been the merely accidental result of some fact in our nervous organization which was otherwise useful."

Why are these sociological hypotheses of laughter? My own hypothesis is just as good: Laughter, I contend, is nothing more than an attenuated hiccough, pleasurably reminiscent of the excesses of our ancestors. Sociologists can never let laughter alone, though you would think it was the last thing they would want to bother with. There was one of them the other day who after a patient study of Aristotle's Portico, Bergson on Laughter, Bain on the Emotions and the Will, Kuno Fischer in "Ueber den Witz," Cicero on Oratory, Stanley Hall on "The Psychology of Tickling, Laughter, and the Comic" and some twenty other authorities, came to the conclusion that "Laughter at any rate is highly relaxing," but as this seemed a little too informal, he hastened to express it as a "psychogenetic law." "Laughter," said he, "is one of the means which nature has provided to preserve psychic equilibrium and prevent more serious outbreaks." In its former state no one would have noticed this remark, and now it has become a sociological law, highly prized, I believe, in serious quarters. One never can tell the sociological possibility of some little thing that seems hardly worth the saying. Thus if you say, He swears like a pirate, you are not sociological. But suppose you pull yourself together and say: "Profanity in that it relaxes the inner tension by a sudden nervous discharge and offers a means of escape from social inhibitions, is, when phylogenetically considered, nature's method under the conditions of modern civilized life of providing an outlet for primitive emotions which in an earlier period were apt to take more socially injurious forms, such as piracy." You will then be taken for a sociologist. I do not say you will really be a sociologist, but you will look like one, especially if you add a bibliography.

Sociology, as I have lately seen it streaming from the press, seems to consist of two main varieties. There is the sort above mentioned that tells in a strange language what everybody knows already. You recognize your own thoughts, though terribly disfigured. Then there is the full-winged or apocalyptic kind that tells you what nobody ever could know. This is the sort that sweeps the heroes of Mr. H. G. Wells off to Labrador or India in order to think out civilization, and that has recently propelled that excellent Frenchman, Dr. Gustave le Bon straight through the soul of the entire German people.

Dr. le Bon admits that his task is difficult, for in order to understand the soul of a people you must study the genesis of the individual soul and of the social soul, you must grasp their thoughts, beliefs and feelings, and you must know the history of that people from the beginning to the present day. Bear in mind, says he, that the history of a people is really a very complex phenomenon. But he goes ahead. To comprehend modern Germany, says he, let us cast our eyes over the origins of the modern German mentality. He cast his—my eye may have missed something—and reports that the German mentality was from the first puffed up with race pride and full of the lust of conquest. Then he sweeps over German political philosophy and reports that the mentality of the intellectual classes was just about the same. He takes a look at the German mentality at the beginning of the Christian era and finds that even in his native forest the German always would tell lies. He has another look at it about the time of Frederick the Great. The bad habit had continued. He takes a good many glances during the present war period and they all confirm his first impression. In short, after looking at it ouside or in during three hundred and fifty pages, he finds the German soul so simple as to be hardly worth a sociological analysis. It contains only four or five bad ingredients, and no others.

I can perfectly understand his feeling as he does, but why not let his feelings go without the encumbrance of sociological terms? A man of his mettle could dispatch a German soul just as well without sociology as with it —perhaps much better. And the strange thing about it is that in precise sociological language at the beginning he has framed laws, which unless he alone is exempted from their application, forbid his attaining any rational result. "Affective, mystic, and collective forces" condition everyone's existence, and the mental contagion of crowds affect even the isolated individual. Nobody, however high his intellectual level, can escape these influences. Men of different race can not by any chance understand each other and this applies even to savants. Fettered by these laws he dashed nevertheless into the German soul with results that he really thinks are sociological.

F. C.

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Out of Indiana

The Proof of the Pudding, by Meredith Nicholson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.35.

IN Meredith Nicholson's criticism of American authors we find emphasized and reëmphasized the fact that they do not seize upon the obvious American material. There is a general and deplorable lack of "information," he finds, concerning the tasks and aims of America. To burrow into life, to discover and portray the forces working beneath the varnish (or lack of it) he takes to be the remedy for our notorious mediocrity in fiction. Industrial life, which offers a fertile field for the writer, has been almost completely untouched, and business as it reacts upon character offers another rich store of unused material. "Surely the novel of business need not be left altogether to purveyors of hectic romances showing the stock exchange hitched to a cabaret." Concerning the manner of treatment to be employed he is less explicit, although he complains of most fiction as "a little realism sweetened with much romance," and suggests that "there's too much sugar in the julep."

It is not that Mr. Nicholson despises the story with an exciting plot. "Others have said it who spoke with authority, and I shall not scruple to repeat that the story for the story's sake is a perfectly decent, honorable, and praiseworthy thing." It is to this "perfectly decent, honorable, and praiseworthy thing" that Mr. Nicholson, until recently, owed his fame. "The Main Chance" heralded its author as a good story-writer with a preference for the romantic. In "The House of a Thousand Candles" he showed that he knew how to handle mystery, and was rewarded by translations in half-a-dozen languages. "The Lords of High Decision" hinted for the first time of more serious aspirations. The scene was Pittsburgh, which in his critique he proclaims the terminus of Realism, but his story, though plausibly realistic, did omit to "paint the wart on the sitter's nose," and plot still held sway. It was with the publication of "A Hoosier Chronicle" that the author's name was coupled, but prophetically, with the words "great American novel." For the first time he turned his main interest from plot to the representation of character and of that part of the national life with which he was familiar. The book announced his concern henceforward with more serious stuff. It was a very definite turn of the leaf upon fiction only as such; and it prepared us for his latest novel.

"The Proof of the Pudding" is likewise an Indianapolis story in which, again, the delineation of character stands as the author's best achievement. Nan Farley, born on an Ohio mud-flat, adopted by a crotchety millionaire, is introduced to the reader as she amuses a hilarious luncheon party with an imitation of her foster-father abusing his doctor. Then she goes home to lie to the man who has pulled her from the slums concerning her flirtation with Billy Copeland, a carefree gentleman who had obtained his divorce for the express purpose of marrying the heiress. Low, but amusing—is the first estimate. But there are people—and people; if Billy Copeland is one of the first, John Cecil Eaton belongs to the contrasting group. Eaton was by profession a patent lawyer. His polished exterior and dry manner, his passion for facts, and his wide sympathy with youth, are well depicted. "He passed for an Easterner with strangers," the author tells us. And he was the idol of his protegé, Jerry Amidon, office boy under Copeland. Jerry's description of himself on the occasion of his first meeting with Nan is worth quoting: "'I broke away from the home plate when I was sixteen, about four years after you pulled out; and I've been engaged in commercial pursuits in this very town ever since. Arrived in a freight car,' he amplified cheerfully, as though she were entitled to all the facts. 'Got a job with the aforesaid well-known jobbing house. Began by sweeping out, and now I swing a sample-case down the lower Wabash. Oh, not vulgarly rich! but I manage to get my laundry out every Saturday night.'" It is Jerry who makes the book particularly worth reading. Eaton, well drawn in the opening half, grows dim in outline; even Nan, when she abandons the million-dollar legacy and takes up farming, fails to be consistently real; but Jerry remains to the last page—where of course he and Nan wander by the river in the moonlight—a never-ending joy. He is without doubt the best product that the author has yet reaped from the fields of realism.

This novel is unique in fulfilling almost exactly the requirements, so far as we know them, that the author demands for American fiction. In his criticism he emphasized the need of fresh and vital material. We have seen that he believes in literary, no less than in political democracy; that his advocacy of Americanism in letters is as wholehearted and as high as his own practice in politics. If his subject may be concentrated in a catchword it is "business reacting upon character." He shows us not only the surface of that part of American life which he knows but also the sinews that shape the surface to their form. He has indeed made it "express with all the art we may command the life we are living and that pretty tangible something that we call the American spirit." This, according to his criticism, would appear to be the highest ideal for American literature. Can anyone imagine a French author or an English author representing the delineation of the life of his own country as the highest goal for literature? In theory this would seem to be Mr. Nicholson's aim. In practice, fortunately, it is not so limited. He has motivated plot by means of character of a pretty universal sort, and it is character that remains with the reader as the dominant impression. It is perfectly true that so far, at least, his work leaves no new thought, no vital idea; but it has become an integral part of the better American fiction, and a significant element in the composite picture of American life that is evolving in literature.

Modern Stamboul

Stamboul Nights, by H. G. Dwight. New York: Doubleday, Page and Co. $1.25.

THIS writer's sharp zest for his exotic material will peculiarly thrill other disaffected Puritans who have also sat on steep pagan slopes in the "clear, colored, swimming light" of the south, trying to discover why a certain bit of mouldering wall is so much like other walls and yet so different; and seeking to fathom the psychological springs of an ancient, alien race. What Mr. Dwight gives us, after his cogitations, is unmistakably not Provençe, or Italy, or Sicily, or Greece, but a more Eastern world, the meeting-place of Europe and Asia, the battle-ground of "stubbornly immiscible" peoples who, for all their gentle manners, love the smell of blood. Moreover it is quite unmistakably Turkey in the twentieth century, though the Pasha of a certain delectable story does bury his wife's lover alive, by moonlight, in a wooden chest.

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What a temptation it must have been in a land of Pashas and pilaf, bazaars and hubble-bubbles, veiled ladies and dark secrets to splash on "local color" with a heavy brush! To this temptation almost all writers on exotic subjects—not merely literary parvenus like Robert Hichens, who must display their riches, but even the Lotis and the Conrads—more or less succumb. But though "atmosphere" is, one suspects, his passion, Mr. Dwight has had the restraint to give just that whiff of musk, that echo of a dripping fountain, that glint of white sails on a blue sea which leave one unsatisfied and insatiate. It is by suggestion, allusion, that he evokes for us modern Stamboul.

The literary device which he most often employs to give his reader perspective is the one usually adopted by Maupassant and Conrad in dealing with remote material: the introduction of a foreign raconteur. This intermediary, who in the present volume is our author himself under a thin diplomatic disguise, gives us a silken thread of familiar observation and reflection to lead us safely through the mazy ways of Pera, "Under the Arch," and back into that marvellous "Mill Valley." In "Mortmain" and "For the Faith" the necessary distance is obtained by telling the story from the point of view of the hero, the innocent and gullible American missionary. Of this tribe Mr. Dwight seems to have much pleasant ironic knowledge; and "The Regicide," which hits off the diplomatic innocent and his wife, is equally detached—it might have been written by a more kindly Mrs. Gerould. But the stories where the reader's approach is direct are not less successful though they are certainly more Arabian-Nightish—"In the Pasha's Garden," "His Beatitude," "The House of the Giraffe."

Mr. Dwight is much too modest about his powers. He specifically disclaims, in his preface, the gift of invention. "Not one of these stories could really be called mine. Several of them I put on paper almost exactly as they were told me. Most of them were put together out of odd bits of experience and gossip." These easy remarks raise interesting and complicated literary questions. Evidently, Mr. Dwight is not a Poe, nor yet a Jules Verne. Evidently, too, he is not the popular magazine writer who sits down with a formula at 9 A. M. and produces the romance of an hour, by lunch. Probably he is not a Conrad or Kipling in stature—we need more evidence on that point. But—to take a Turkish example—one has only to compare "Haremlik," which claims to be fact, with "Stamboul Nights," which avows itself fiction, to recognize the value, for the basic fabric of a story, of honest "experience." "Invention" seems to be just what initiates Demetra Vaka's pictures of the modern harem. What makes Conrad's tropics better than Mrs. Gerould's? Largely the "odd bits of experience," of which the former are so artfully woven together, the things nobody knows but the man who has actually seen and felt them, the things which everybody yet hungers to hear, and recognizes as essential truth.

Experience, however, isn't everything. Mr. Dwight will have to own himself a master of one of the most difficult literary forms. "Situation, suspense, climax"—he knows how to use them all, and can make the broken heart of a bathman and the death of a camel-driver quite as significant as the downfall of a Nousret Pasha. One is glad it was given him to live in Constantinople before the Germans and the Russians began to grab for it. For "Sumurun" was made in Germany and "Schéhérézade" in Petrograd; and there is something about the crude colors and violent gestures of these spectacular productions which suggests that the ancient and corrupt and subtle city revealed in "Stamboul Nights" is on the way to losing its personality.

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War Books

Under Three Flags: With the Red Cross in Belgium, France and Servia, by St. Clair Livingston and Ingelberg Stern. London: Macmillan and Co. 3/6 net.

My Home in the Field of Honour, by Frances Wilson Huard, with drawings by Charles Huard. New York: George H. Doran. $1.35 net.

WAR books are developing categories: the historical and critical, propaganda, books by regular correspondents, impressions by nurses and casual observers, and accounts by soldiers themselves. "Under Three Flags" comes under the third division, a series of vivid vignettes in some two hundred small pages. There are anecdotes and anecdotes, but these in this tiny volume have for the most part the fibre of episodes which were lived through rather than collected because of their dramatic or picturesque quality. Both authors—Miss Livingston, an Englishwoman, Miss Stern-Hansen, a Norwegian—were nurses; naturally their sympathies and their alertness focused on the wounded and starving. When the war is over and the respective nations return to their respective cultures undoubtedly the heroism before pain so universally exhibited in the war will be the field of investigation studied by some careful German with a psychological ax to grind. He will find his material

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in casual little volumes like "Under Three Flags." But he will hardly relish such a story as that about the German general who came up to the two women at Charleroi, where they were foolishly impetuous enough to cry "Vive la France!" and whispered hastily, his face white with anger, "France is dead! and the death of England is as good as accomplished." Through the dark clouds of misery and suffering and shattered limbs gleam one or two bars of genuine hope. The rehabilitation of Serbia after the first ravages of the typhus—a short two months was all that had elapsed between the authors' visits—makes rational the faith that all Europe may recuperate, at least on its sheer physical side of orderliness and smiling pastures, much more rapidly than one had dared to believe.

"When we arrived at Nisch the changes became still more amazing. Two months ago the station had been a cold, windy, painful spot, standing in an ocean of mud. There had been wounded soldiers everywhere, in every stage of misery, and shivering refugees, with scarcely a rag on their backs. There had been starving children, and mothers carrying in their arms infants wrapped in newspapers to keep them from freezing to death. . . . Now, instead of mud, there were gravel paths all around the station; green creepers grew up the freshly painted pillars, and the station was resplendent in several coats of fresh paint. The paths had been disinfected with liquid lime. The shivering refugees had disappeared, and the soldiers were now sheltered in tents in an adjoining field, instead of lying on the paving stones with a crutch for a pillow."

Compact and often stirring, the episodes and pictures in this characteristic contribution to the already staggering war literature inevitably lose in continuity and singleness of impression. No human identities run through the book to bind it into one unfolding drama; not even the authors'. The whole effect is of spottiness. "Under Three Flags" is a disjointed and in some ways an unskilful book, yet it has twice the pull and interest possessed by the meagre glibness and hollow emotionalism of many of its competitors.

Certainly that lack of human continuity is not a defect of "My Home in the Field of Honor." Mrs. Huard has a chateau at Villiers near the Marne river, sixty miles from Paris, and she is justly proud of it. She introduces us to her domestic arrangements, her servants, and her animals, even to her method of making jam. The story she tells is a simple one—of staying on grimly at Villiers and attending the refugees as they came through, stumbling and heart-broken, until the next village retreated, of hurrying back towards Paris, hoping every hour for the great news of the German defeat which finally came, of returning home across the ghastly battlefields and the crumpled little villages, of finding her chateau pillaged and inconceivably dirtied by the Germans, of restoring it to some sort of decency and transforming it into the hospital which it still is. Mrs. Huard saw little of the actual battle of the Marne, she never frequented diplomatic circles, and she never squinted at the tangled barb-wire of the enemy's lines through a trench-periscope. Yet there are moments of genuine poignancy in her book, and interspersed in her narrative of tired horses and frightened domestics are bits of insight into the reaction of the French provincials to the war, all the more valuable because unconscious. Their sturdiness of character matches well the German spirit of unity. It is an amiably discursive and gossipy sort of book, but I suppose one gets a quicker and keener sense of the reality of the war from this unassuming narrative of a quiet home invaded and then restored than from the journalist's favorite massing of casualty lists and summoning of all his superlatives to impress upon you the horror of what has come conventionally to be known as "a hurricane of steel and fire." H. S.

The New Romanticism

A History of the Gold Coast and Ashanti, by W. Walton Claridge. London: John Murray. 2 vols. $12.

IF there be any in this country unimaginative enough to believe that the age of romance has passed away, let him forthwith read Mr. Claridge's book. If we have no Columbus, if there is no New World in which the balance even of the Western hemisphere may be redressed, the history of West African adventure records patient and determined travail unsurpassed in the annals of British colonization. It is not a story of passionate excitement that Mr. Claridge has to tell. Rather is he concerned with the methods of commercial propagandism, the constant imitations of petty tribal wars, the slow assumption by Great Britain of suzerainty, the progress of research in tropical medicine. Yet there is nothing commonplace in the record. Here are the bare materials of pioneer adventure. The book seems to me one of the best explanations I have seen of the success of the British in tropical colonization.

The best of colonial officials, it seems obvious enough, are those who search out for themselves a real acquaintance with the culture of the country; the worst are those who go through their life in a place like India in the implicit belief that Buddha is God and Kipling is his prophet. For half of the difficulty in colonial administration comes from the contact with strange things behind which the mind of the white man, whether English or American or French or German, finds it difficult to penetrate. Sir George Grey became a great governor of New Zealand, as Sir Hugh Clifford has been a great governor of the Gold Coast, simply because they have been at pains to know the character of the human material with which they were concerned. The same thing has been well exemplified in our own experience by the wisdom and insight of men like Wolcott Pitkin in Porto Rico and Winfred Denison in the Philippines. The failure of German colonization has been exactly the absence of such endeavor. Their colonial governors have acted on the basic assumption that the African mind was simply the German mind in its infancy and have attempted, accordingly, to force it into the Procustes' bed of a German mentality which was essentially different from the African mind. Such implicit reliance upon what Mr. Graham Wallas has finely called "the optimistic ethnology of Exeter Hall," the belief that with education and the missionary the Ethiopian can change all but his skin, is one of the most arrant absurdities of which the human mind is capable. Men such as those to whom I have referred are refreshingly free from this humiliation. They constitute very largely the real justification of colonial enterprise.

This is, in fact, the constructive lesson Mr. Claridge's book has to teach. He makes it clear that the way in which British dominion in West Africa has been extended is not as a means to unintelligent Imperialism but as the one certain way in which the peaceful extension of commerce might be secured. He shows in interesting fashion the way in which there has grown up a sense of responsibility to savage races. That is not to say that the white traders have not often enough been blind and greedy and cruel. That is not even to say that a consistently progressive policy has been adopted by Downing Street. A willingness, for example, to accept an alliance with tribes practis-

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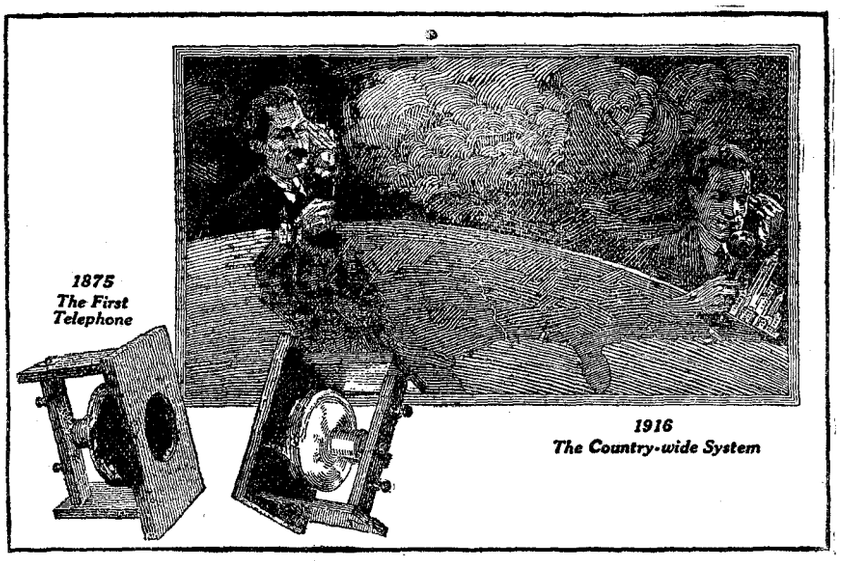

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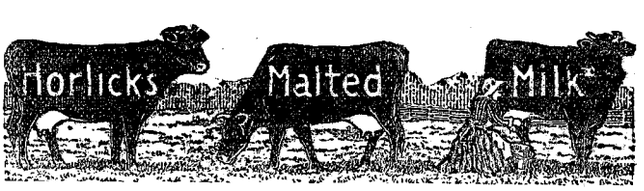

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ing human sacrifice cannot in any real sense be called a step forward. But it has been a great achievement to limit the waste of tribal warfare. The adaptation in concretely human fashion of the ideals of the common law to native problems has resulted in a high degree of good. The change produced in the able and warlike Ashanti race by their training in the arts of peace has been remarkable. No one will complain of the suppression of slavery. It is simply undeniable that in the last century a real effort has been made to treat the West African colonies as something more than a series of trading stations. The book is full of lessons as to the way in which progress in colonial administration is to be effected. It is clear, for example, that vacillation is the last sin. Governments may be inconsistent and they may be wrong, but they must be definite. The native mind often takes hesitation for weakness and, as in the Ashanti War of 1865-1867, tragedy is inevitably the result. Nor must we show impatience. The native has a faculty of waiting which must be understood and respected. He does not make swift judgments leading to immediate action. Change, therefore, must be not slow but of an imperceptibly transitional character. The fundamental need in a colonial official is that he should read his problems not in terms of his own desires but in the way in which he can make the needs he realizes appeal to the native imagination. The degree in which he can accomplish this will be the measure of his success. The danger to which he is largely exposed is that which the utterance say, of an English Liberal M. P. will reveal of his attitude to India, or of a Socialist leader when he talks of our conduct in the Philippines. The native races are not angels nor are they devils, but men of varying and special types; and it is only upon the basis of an intimate acquaintance with their special psychology that the imaginative official will attempt decisive action. And he must pay the closest attention to seemingly minute problems. The West African Regiment mutinied in 1901, not from any genuine disaffection, but because the stupidity of an officer had failed to make clear their orders.

What one would like to feel about this book is the security that it would fall into the hands of all who are concerned in dealing with our relations to the backward races. It goes with the half dozen books like Mr. Nevinson's "New Spirit in India" and Sir Hugh Clifford's studies of the Malay character as the irreducible minimum of what even the average person who is interested in the theory of imperialistic expansion must read. For the basis of its right understanding hinges not upon its concern with the free peoples but in its influence upon the margins of civilization.

H. J. L.

One of the most famous of the aphorisms of Henry Monksommers may be paraphrased thus:

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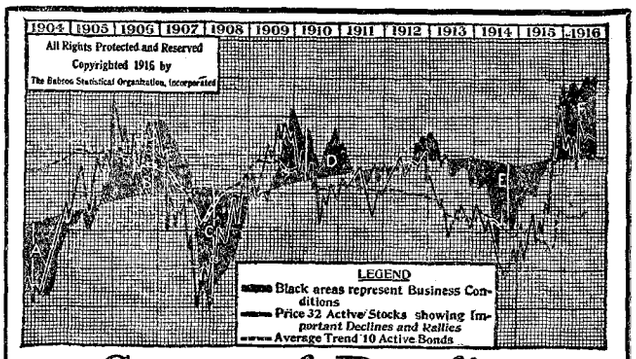
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